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MANOMIN:

A

RHYTHMICAL ROMANCE OF MINNESOTA,

THE GREAT REBELLION

AND THE

MINNESOTA MASSACRES.

BY MYRON COLONEY.

ST. LOUIS:
PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.
1866.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1865, by
MYRON DOLONEY,
In the Clerk's Office of the United States District Court,
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IN MEMORIAM.

DIED—In the month of September 1864, at UNION FARM, near Rolla, Phelps County, Mo., stricken down by the bullet of a Missouri bushwhacker, while with his rifle, "Biting Betty," in hand he was bravely defending the home and family of the author of this book from pillage and assault, brave and noble Uncle ANDREAS M. DARLING, in the fifty-eighth year of his age.

IN the year 1858, myself and wife emigrated from the city of Chicago, Ill., to Douglas County, Minn., and settled upon the lovely shores of Lake Ida. Douglas County is about one hundred and sixty miles north-west from St. Paul, and is reached by travelling up the valley of the Mississippi River to St. Cloud, the head of navigation, thence up the Sauk River Valley in an almost westerly direction to Osakis Lake, where the eastern boundary of the county begins. Alexandria, the county-seat and post-office town of the county, is about twelve miles further on from Osakis Lake, and Lake Ida is distant from Alexandria about six miles, still further on toward Breckinridge and Abercrombie, on the great Red River of the North.

M57406

At the time myself and wife moved into Douglas County there was no beaten road over the prairie further than the little paper town of Kandotta, near Fairy Lake. One log cabin, and a very indifferent one at that, had been erected upon this site, a liberty pole put up, a pole stable built and the "town" had an existence and a name. We purchased ox-teams in St. Cloud, loaded our household goods and provisions into the wagons and the journey was commenced. It was in May and there were no bridges across the streams. The Sauk River had to be crossed four times in the journey and as it was very high, we were obliged to unload each time and after ferrying our goods over in a small skiff, take the wagon to pieces and ferry it over in the same manner.

On our journey, at every cabin we stopped at, we heard of a Mr. DARLING and his family with their teams and goods just ahead of us, bound for the same part of the State, and we hurried on expecting every night to overtake them, but the energy and experience of the hardy frontiersman widened the distance between us every day, and when we arrived at Alexandria we found he had been there some three or four days, and had immediately proceeded to his "claim"

upon Lake Darling, about one mile beyond the town in the direction of Lake Ida.

Notwithstanding the lateness of the season Mr. DARLING broke up and fenced about twelve acres of land and raised a large crop of "sod corn," potatoes, buckwheat and ruta bagas. He also built himself a good, warm house, and a stable for his stock, and in farm enterprise took and kept the lead in all that section. He was a most indefatigable hunter and trapper at the season of the year when such business could be made to pay, and with old "Biting Betty" could shoot a loon's eye out forty rods distant every fire. "Biting Betty" was made to order for him in Wisconsin; she carried a half ounce ball and weighed sixteen pounds, which every sportsman ought to know is an immense weight for a rifle.

Mr. ANDREAS M. DARLING was born of poor parents on a rugged farm in the northern part of the State of New York, and his father, like himself, appears to have been a kind of a "rolling stone," always keeping ahead of "civilization." In an early day they moved to western New York, and thence to Ohio, and there young ANDREAS took the contract of cutting down the forest on the present site of Cleveland, Ohio. When

settlers began to be too numerous, he moved into Michigan, where he married, thence into Wisconsin, and from there into Minnesota.

He was a large, well proportioned man, standing six feet four inches in his stockings, powerful, kind hearted and true. No man was readier at a "raising," "chopping," "logging," or "plowing," than he. He was invariably chosen as "boss" of the occasion, no matter what it might be. He was always on hand at the frequent "dances" with which the settlers, for miles around, sought to make merry the long winters of that distant, hyperborean region, and his "team" always contained the jolliest load of young folks in the settlement.

When the Sioux massacres commenced I was fortunately away from home. My wife had gone to Chicago to visit her parents, and I was travelling through Indiana purchasing sheep. My house and its contents were burned and several of the neighbors, living higher up the road, were killed.

The settlers about Alexandria organized themselves into a company, and electing Mr. DARLING captain, hastily left their homes for St. Cloud, one hundred miles below. The Indians followed and surrounded

them nearly every night, but did not dare to attack, and finally the whole party reached St. Cloud in safety.

The crops had all been left standing in the fields, and the cattle, hogs and sheep were roaming at large. Assurance was given to Mr. DARLING by Governor RAMSEY that a company of soldiers should be stationed permanently at Alexandria very soon, and therefore as soon as he could find safe quarters for his family, he with a neighbor of his, Mr. BARNES, went fearlessly back to their homes and commenced saving their crops, and as soon as the soldiers came up they moved their families back again.

I never returned, but moving to St. Louis, commenced trading through south-west Missouri and Arkansas, and finally in connection with another gentleman of St. Louis, purchased the HAMILTON LENNOX plantation of a thousand acres, near Rolla, and christened it "Union Farm." It was so near Rolla, which was strongly garrisoned, that I never entertained the slightest apprehension of trouble from bushwhackers, and with my wife and father-in-law and family did not hesitate to move upon the place at once.

I had kept up a pretty regular correspondence with Mr. DARLING, and believing him to be in a good deal

of danger on his claim, a mile from the stockade, I advised him to come down to Missouri and take charge of my property as overseer. As there was a drouth prevailing in Minnesota at the time and his family felt lonesome and discouraged, he consented and selling out his teams, utensils &c., came on.

I had leased the property to my father-in-law, Mr. CHAUNCEY TUTTLE, for a term of years, and he, ratifying my arrangement with Mr. DARLING, gave him full charge of the farm. All went along peaceably and well, until the month of September 1864. Myself and Mr. TUTTLE had come up to St. Louis on business and while here received the following telegram which fell upon us like a flash of lightning:

To MYRON COLONEY:

We were bushwhacked last night and Mr. DARLING was killed.

MRS. J. A. COLONEY.

Alas, it was too true! The dear, kind-hearted, brave old man was shot down while gallantly defending the entrance of my parlor. The murderers were "DICK KITCHEN'S" band of guerillas, to whom, it is alleged, the "WRIGHT boys," lately shot by Col. BABCOCKE'S men, belonged. The immediate instigators

of the murder were two sons of the former owner of the place, TOM. and BILL LENNOX. They have yet to answer to the law for this most foul and hellish deed.

The military authorities at Rolla sent over an escort and brought the body of the brave old man to town, and buried him with becoming obsequies in the military burying ground. His stricken widow and her children determined to return to the "claim" in Minnesota which they did, and are there at this present time.

It is for her benefit — to assist her in meeting the severe struggle of life, deprived as she is of the manly hand and strong arm on which she was wont to rely, to assist her in the proper education of her children, that this book has been printed. I do not know that it will ever return what it cost, but I trust it will and hope it will supply a fund for many years to come to fill the purse that the energy and industry of him who was so cruelly snatched away from her was wont to fill.

She now lives upon the shores of Lake Darling in Minnesota, while the remains of her noble husband lie away down here in the soil of Missouri. It is my earnest wish to disinter the body, provide it with a

suitable coffin and send it up to her, but embarrassments which have come upon me from being obliged to give up the farm, and losses in business have put it entirely out of my power to do so, at present, and if, therefore, after reading the story of the gallant, kind-hearted, true old man, any one should feel disposed to enclose me a contribution for that purpose, however small, it will be duly acknowledged and appreciated.

"Biting Betty" was carried off by the party who committed the murder, as was every other thing of value in my house; but as the rifle was a very heavy one it is thought that it was left somewhere in the State, and if it can be recovered and sent to me, a large reward will be paid for it.

St. Louis, Missouri, October 1865.

MYRON COLONEY.

DEDICATION.

At my desk I sit alone,
Bathed in floods of silver-tone—
Evening vesper's soothing chime—
Musing on this work of mine.
Down life's path I turn my gaze
Backward to my boyhood days;
Then returning, closely look
Through each grotto, grove and nook,
Bower of ease and brambled wood,
Long dark walks of solitude,
Sunny banks and emerald lanes,
Sterile paths and fruitful plains,
Down each yawning, black abyss,
O'er each frightful precipice,
Everywhere my feet have trod
Since the hour I came from God;
Fain to find a friend who ne'er
Changed with fortune's changeful year;
Faithful friend, long proved and tried,
True when other friendships died;

To this friend for whom I look,
I would dedicate my book.
Here are sunny eyes asmile,
Briefly lit — a little while —
With a blast of adverse fate
They grow dark and desolate.
There are graspings of the hand,
Air and intonation bland,
Giving place to cold neglect,
Contact proudly circumspect.
Oh, my soul, and is there then
No true friendship among men?
Sadly turns my heart aside,
To my own dear fire-side,
From the many to the few;
One sits there forever true!
True in sickness as in health,
True in poverty as wealth,
True though I should go astray,
True when others turn away,
Oh, thou sunshine of my life,
Loving, tender, patient WIFE,
God's best, dearest gift to me,
I inscribe my book to thee!

PREFACE.

THIS book has been written under the most unfavorable circumstances, occupying the *spare* hours of some six months, for while engaged upon it I have fulfilled the duties of Commercial Editor of the *Evening News* of this city. It has been written without a library or even a private room in which to withdraw myself. I have had no lexicons, encyclopedias, rhyming dictionaries, or books of reference to assist me. Harpers' Magazine and the newspapers have been my only helps.

I have sought no publishers as I was almost entirely unknown as a writer, and felt there would be no probability of my getting one. I have grown up in the West, am thoroughly inoculated with its rude, energetic life and its progressive, individualizing ideas. Of course my writings must be a true manifestation of myself. I glory in the spirit of American Ideas

and demand for myself and claim for *all others* that *true* and perfect *equality*, both in religion and politics, that is every human being's *right on earth.*

Faith in the upward progress of the human race in spite of creeds and bigotries, is the corner-stone of my religion, and especial faith in the *people* of the United States of America is my glory and pride.

So my book is *radical* upon all subjects, casting off all the old that seems to have worn out and served its purpose, and taking up and advocating all the new that seems good and true.

I do not expect it is a great poem, I do not expect it will find favor with the rich, highly cultured minds of the East. I have chosen my characters from the common walks of life, and my story is largely a recitation of life's common events. My hero is intended as a fair type of what *free institutions* develope; a hard working, intelligent, high minded boy, a dutiful son, a true patriot springing at once to the call of his country, a free thinker, trusting his own God-given judgment to decide *all* questions for him, a brave, upright and fearless *private soldier*, an unostentatious officer and a faithful lover.

To the best of my ability I have endeavored to embellish my narration with poetical ornament and if I have failed then fail it must be, as I do not know that I can ever produce anything better. At the same time I have avoided obscureness of expression, desiring to have every sentence and figure of speech clearly understood.

I have committed no intentional plagiarism, and if there is anything in my book very similar to what some one else has written before me, I do not know it now.

Hoping that my sincerity, at least, will not be doubted, I commit this, my first and undoubtedly my last literary venture to the great ocean of the American Mind.

MYRON COLONEY.

St. Louis, Missouri, October 1865.

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

PART FIRST.

THE BEAUTIFUL HOME—TROUBLE—A WIFE'S DEVOTION.

DEEP within an arc of locusts, pouring forth their odors sweet,
Nestled little Thornton Cottage, white and dustless, clean and neat.
Troops of woodbines clambered fondly o'er the low verandah, where
RICHARD THORNTON read his paper, in the spicy evening air.
Graveled walks and beds of flowers, sweet exotics, rich and rare,
Racks of fruits and blushing berries formed his beautiful parterre.
Plots of vines and clustering bushes, round the rear fence climbing high,
Told of luxuries, whose freshness money sometimes fails to buy.

Every threader of the highway paused before that
quiet cot,—
Paused in wishful contemplation of that soul-enticing
spot,
Gazed, until their weary spirits longed to flee the
outward din
To the peaceful, sweet valhalla, to the paradise
within!
Richard loved his little cottage, dearly loved its
quiet rest,
Gowned and slippered and surrounded by the fledg-
lings of his nest.
Harry Thornton was his eldest — fifteen summers,
bright as gold,
On his shining scroll of being had their sunny
names enrolled.
If a stainless soul from heaven — purer than eter-
nal day —
Brighter than a diamond cluster, e'er was plucked
and wrapped in clay,
Surely it was Harry Thornton's — looking from
those earnest eyes, —
Truthful, loving, ever rising upward to its native
skies.
Next was Jessie, sunny-headed, sweet and simple
as her name,
Lovely little bud of glory, tinged with blue and
touched with flame!

Delicate as angel music, floating through a spirit bower,
Pensive as the sense of being in the souls most blessed hour!
Then there was another presence that embodied all his love,
Brimmed with pleasure all his senses like a blessing from above;
Hither, thither, — moving softly, every touch imparting grace,
Blended with an air of comfort everywhere about the place,
Wife and partner of his bosom — mother of his little brood,
Sweet disperser of his sorrows — sunshine of each darker mood,
Sunny-hearted, gentle ESTHER, always quiet, always neat,
Sure to have his arm-chair ready, gown, and slippers for his feet,
Sure to meet him with a welcome shining from her winsome face,
Sure to twine her white arms round him in a trustful, fond embrace.
Oh, a true and gentle woman — more than Iris' seven-hued span
Typifies God's love and mercy — is his dearest gift to man!

There was still another presence, bent in form,
white-haired and thin,
'Twixt whose ripe and longing spirit, and the
brighter life within,
But a segment of a cycle yet remained, a bar at
best —
But a short step to that country, where the weary
are at rest.
ESTHER'S father, loved and honored by the household,
one and all,
Spirit-pure, and meekly patient — waited but the
bugle call
That should bid him on to glory — marshal him in
grand array
With the gathering hosts of planets, bannered by
eternal day!
Who could wonder then that RICHARD — toiling,
planning all day long,
Joyed to see the twilight falling, joyed to hear the
cricket's song?
That, then locking care behind him, he, with bound-
ing heart and feet,
To his cottage and his dear ones might go flying
down the street!
To the casual observer RICHARD'S was an envied
lot;
But each heart hath secret troubles which the
stranger knoweth not.

For the world is full of shadows, creeping round
the sunniest door,
And each hearth-stone hath its phantoms, grimly
wrought upon the floor!
One sad evening RICHARD tarried — came not, still,
the hour was late
When at length the waiting ESTHER heard his foot-
steps at the gate.
Tenderly she flew to meet him, love all beaming
in her face,
But he startled her with: "ESTHER, we must leave
this dear old place!
That vile serpent in our Eden — that Appollyon in
our path,
Has poured out upon us, darling, all the vials of
his wrath.
He has bought those notes of HARVEY and my
cottage deed-of-trust;
Times are close, I cannot pay them, so he grinds
me in the dust!
How he chuckled as the sheriff closed my little
store to-day,
Hissing: "'You may thank your ESTHER!'" as I
turned to go away.
I was leaving more in sorrow than in anger, till
the sound
Of this stinging insult smote me, then I felled him
to the ground!

Oh, I know that it was shameful thus to yield to passion's blast,
But I must have struck him, ESTHER, had that moment been my last.
In the Syracuse House parlor I have held a long debate
With the BALDWINS and the CROUSES that is why I came so late.
They are friends of ours, my darling, and will help us to depart,
Never dreaming that their kindness is our bitterness of heart!
Oh, to leave our little cottage, where our lives were knit in one,
Where those gifts of God, our children, first beheld the light of sun,
Where so long we've turned together gilded leaves of golden years:
Is a bitterness that wrings me, but we have no time for tears!
We are young yet, ESTHER, darling, God will strengthen us to go;
And withdraw ourselves forever from the venom of our foe.
In the distant Minnesota, where the skies are ever blue,
We will seek the quiet border and begin our lives anew.

We will settle on the margin of some sweet pellucid lake,
That shall sing its liquid sonnets to the listening fern and brake,
And our house shall be embowered in a grove of maple-trees,
Where the breezes chaunt forever their æolian harmonies.
Neighbors soon will gather round us and we shall not be alone;
Then imploring God to bless us let us hasten and be gone.
We will pack up all our carpets, your piano, and my books,
And our furniture to charm us by its old familiar looks;
We will spend a day in making all our friends a final call,
And will stop and see Niagara Falls while journeying to St. Paul!
Will you go with me, my ESTHER, oh what say you, loving wife?
Is this too great a sacrifice for him you took for life?
Oh! I see, your heart is weeping, for the tears drop from your eye;
There! We will not think of going, darling ESTHER, do not cry!"

"You mistake my sorrow, RICHARD, oh, most gladly
will I go!
I will follow you forever, cling to you through weal
or woe!
Not so much the dread of going as the sundering
of ties
That have bound us to our Eden, brought the tears
into my eyes;
So I answer: Yes, my husband, yes, my darling,
brave and true,
Go where judgment seems to lead you, I will
surely go with you!
We will keep from out the shadows, gather sun-
shine where we may,
Hold our golden cup of being up for blessings
every day!
Bear with patient resignation, all the gloomy evil
days,
If our Father sends us any, ever giving Him the
praise.
And our comfort in our children will be lustres to
us then;
They will seem much nearer to our souls than ever
they have been,
They will help us in our toiling, lighten every load
they can,
They will both be cheerful workers, and HARRY'S
most a man.

There, besides, is dear old father, who will go,
though hard 'twill be
To forsake his buried treasure down beneath the
willow-tree.
So I look with hopeful pleasure to the coming of
the day
That shall find us bravely journeying upon our
westward way!"

PART SECOND.

SYRACUSE — "BELLE MISSOURI" — THE JOURNEY — NIAGARA FALLS — CHICAGO — STEAMBOAT RIDE ON THE FATHER OF WATERS — SCENES IN THE LAND OF "LAUGHING WATER."

SYRACUSE, of Onondaga! at thy name my spirit thrills!
And thy presence drifts before me, girt by thy cerulean hills!
Every avenue and alley, every square and bridge, and street
In thy dear old corporation is familiar to my feet!
I have strolled through all thy valleys, counted every singing rill,
And have watched thy great heart beating, from the crown of Prospect Hill.
All between thee and Salina, where thy crystal treasures lay,*
I have wandered through the mazes of those acres many a day;

* The great fields of salt vats.

Oh, I love to think upon thee, all these weary years apart.
Syracuse! I send thee greeting! darling city of my heart!
Call to thee from "Belle Missouri," from her rich metallic hills,
From her broad luxuriant prairies, from her silver threads of rills!
From her orchards and her vinyards and her "sheep-besprinkled downs,"
From her rivers and her waterfalls, her cities and her towns!
Oh, remember her brave people, who in battle's bloody strife
Have proved that love of freedom far outweighs their love of life!
See their ever glorious ballots, as I hold them to the sun—
Every one a deed of valor in the cause of freedom done—
Oh, remember, how the nation echoed back the sturdy blow
That consigned her demon, slavery, to its fitting home below!
Oh, remember, too, her ruins—blazing homes and wasted farms!
And the murders at her firesides and wild midnight alarms!

Oh, those lonely, blackened chimneys shall be monuments of pride!
Telling every coming stranger: "Here a Union household died!—
Here for freedom's sake were suffered all the woes that flesh can know,
Stabs and shots, and flames and curses, from a drunken, brutal foe!
Here amid wild desolations some true hearts have ceased to live!
Thus for Liberty and Union giving all that man can give!"
Still, remember, "Belle Missouri" makes no murmur of regret;
Though all mangled, torn and bleeding she is not disheartened yet!
Like a queen she rises proudly, calmly stern amid her woes,
Binding up her bleeding temples she again confronts her foes!
Thank God! her darkness brightens! all rebellion's hosts elate,
Have been driven in confusion from out her lovely State!
And now, in vales where lately fierce bloody deeds were done,
Houses rise up from their ashes! fences glisten in the sun!

Billowy fields of wheat are nodding joyously their heads of gold!
Scythes are singing in the meadows! plows are crunching in the mold!
Then cry: "Hail to Belle Missouri!" Syracuse, my early pride,
In the seven-times heated furnace has her loyalty been tried!
She has exorcised her demons, clothed in reason now she stands,
Proud and queenly, rich and lovely, State of states, and land of lands!
Yes, I love thee, Central City, as did RICHARD on that day
When, with all his dear ones round him, he was swiftly borne away —
Borne forever from the cottage where had passed his early days;
Sighing, as familiar places swiftly vanished from his gaze.
Sighing deeper, as he pondered, why, in this brief lease of life,
Man against his fellow-mortal should array himself in strife;
Why with malice and with vengeance man his brother should pursue,
When 'tis better to be gentle, kind and loving, good and true.

* * *

Face to face with great Niagara RICHARD and his household stand —
Awed to silence, lost in wonder, almost breathless, hand in hand,
On the deck of the small steamer, gazing at the giddy crown
Of that roaring, fearful deluge, spanned by rainbows, rushing down!
Spectacle to be remembered 'mid belittling things of earth!
Ne'er will grander vision greet us till we know a higher birth!
Several days did RICHARD linger, chained to that enchanting spot,
Brimming all his soul with mem'ries never more to be forgot.
Through the groves of Iris Island daily with his dear ones strolled,
Dreaming out the grand old legends that the rushing waters told,
While the vast primeval cedars, spreading wide their verdant arms,
Added coolness to the splendor of Niagara's varied charms.
More contrite and meek in spirit, to his Maker closer drawn
By the sermon of Niagara, RICHARD journeyed further on;

Paused a day to view Chicago, whose strange hist'ry
bears the stamp
Of the wild tales of Alladdin and his genii haunted
lamp.
Viewed with pride the interchanging, East with West,
and man with man,
By the hundred handed railroads and the fleets of
Michigan;
Viewed the palaces of marble in a long line white
and new,
Catching the first rays of sunshine flung across the
dancing blue;
Grew bewildered o'er discussions of the rise and
fall of grain,
Corner lots, suburban ventures, river frontage, loss
and gain,
And with all the vast importance of Chicago deep
impressed
On the tablets of his spirit, he resumed his journey
west.
Swiftly flying over bridges while the waters flashed
beneath,
Turning bluffs and threading valleys on they rattled
to Dunleith!
Where historic Mississippi, vast and deep and wide
and bright,
In its silvery effulgence bursts in grandeur on the
sight!

There was hurry of embarking, anxious fears for trunks and freight,
Baggage heaped up in confusion, parcels crushed at fearful rate,
Whistles screaming, bells aringing, runners drumming for each boat,
Glad was RICHARD and his darlings when at last they got afloat!
All was quiet on the river, brightly shone the stars o'er head,
Puffing, puffing up the current, strongly on the steamer sped.
Perched on piles of bales and boxes, interchanging jests, the hands
Calmly wait the hurried labor when the steamer "woods" or "lands."
"Light the torches!" "Throw the stage out!" "Who can tell us where we are?"
"Bad-Axe Landing!" "Put that freight out!" "Haul the stage in!" "Lively there!"
On again the steamer pushes, passengers again subside,
Silence reigns throughout the cabin, all is still along the tide.

With the first blush of the morning RICHARD'S family were out,
To behold historic places they might pass upon the route.

Rafts of lumber, skiffs of Indians, towering bluffs,
and islands green,
Towns and landings, boats and woodpiles were the
main things to be seen.
Soon the sense of vision wearied — all the towns
looked rude and small,
Till, upon her rocky terrace, they beheld and hailed
St. Paul!
Here they purchased teams and wagons, over land
pursued their way,
Pitching tents at early evening, moving on at break
of day.
O'er the rushing Minnesota on a ferry they did
ride,
Where the battlements of Snelling loom above the
river side!
By the side of "Laughing Water" camped the first
day from St. Paul,
Sweetly hushed to gentle slumber by the music of
its fall.
Then they moved across the country — lovelier spots
were never seen, —
Fairy-lakes and groves of timber, rolling prairies,
fresh and green.
Then along Sauk River Valley, where the Scan-
dinavian farms,
Rich with corn and wheat and barley, add a sub-
stance to the charms!

Where in grand old fire-places merry flames leap
high and red,
When the winter's chilling mantle o'er the shivering
earth is spread!
On they travelled up the valley — slowly journeyed
day by day,
Passed Sauk Centre and Kandotta, paper cities, on
their way.
Those were days when speculation's wild and crazy
tide ran high —
Fools mapped cities by the thousand, luring other fools
to buy!
But they failed to compass RICHARD, though their
toils were nicely set;
Sternly following up a purpose — further on he
travelled yet.
Where the lakes of Douglas County wide their liquid
silver spread,
And clean groves of sugar-maples waved their grace-
ful arms o'er head,
Where rich undulating prairies, fringed with timber,
long had lain,
Pierced by streams and green with meadows, off'ring
ready fields for grain.
Toward this fairy combination, steadily did RICHARD
tend,
Where, at last, in glad fruition, his long journey had
its end!

PART THIRD.

MEETING OF MANOMIN AND HARRY THORNTON—LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

FLOATING o'er the silvery waters of Lake Ida, clear and strong,
On a bright autumnal morning came a wild entrancing song.
'Twas a song of Indian legend, of a spirit ill at rest,
Wandering in the land of shadows ever wretched and unblest.
How the echoes flung the music back in chorus from the shore.
As the singer beat the measures with the dipping of her oar.
Swiftly, as a swallow gliding, toward the shore the shallop sped,
Leaving rearward on the waters flashing lines of silver thread!

Slender, graceful, was the figure, clad in semi-Indian dress,
And her Gallic, classic features true ideal loveliness.
Rare and beautiful young being in this wild, secluded spot,
Oh, whence come you? whither going? but the echoes answer not.
HARRY THORNTON, who was standing with his rifle in his hand,
Gazed in wonder as the maiden lightly sprang out on the sand;
Gazed with senses all bewildered as she moored her little boat,
Then a crowding swarm of queries through his puzzled brain did float:
"Surely, she was not an Indian?" Ah, that sweet face answered "no!"
Yet her boat and strange apparel seemed to say: "It might be so!"
Round her neck she wore a collar from the grebe-duck's glossy skin,
And a scarlet woolen jacket kept her heaving bosom in;
Jacket trimmed with beads, and feathers from the great bald eagle's breast,
Thickly mingled with the plumage of the raven's purple crest.

Soft and white, her slim waist clasping, with its pendants hanging low,
Was a bead-bound graceful girdle, made from snowy cariboo.
Seals and charms and curious trinkets, formed from elk-horn, polished bright,
And carnelians, carved in figures, dangled in the morning light.
Then her skirt of dark blue broadcloth, dropping just below the knee,
Fringed with silk around the bottom, was as neat as neat could be.
Eyes so large and dark and thoughtful, oh, what glorious eyes were those —
Eyelids fringed with silken lashes, long and handsome in repose.
Oval features, cheeks of velvet, teeth as white as purest pearl,
Raven hair, and mouth as lovely as e'er graced a city girl.
Hands and feet! what tiny patterns of what hands and feet should be!
Captivating little Venus! goddess of an inland sea,
HARRY THORNTON'S heart is leaping with a throb he 'll ne'er forget,
Through his soul there flows a longing! young love's tide has fairly set!

"Sir, good morning," spoke the maiden, frankly giving him her hand,
"Father lives away up yonder, just behind that point of land.
All last night we saw your fires and this morn your white tents shine,
So I came to bid you welcome to this lovely lake of mine!
I have christened it Lake Ida, sister's name in mind to keep,
Who, beneath a balm of Gilead, sleeps that never ending sleep.
Father trades with the Ojibways, mother is Ojibway, too,
And my name, sir, is MANOMIN; pray, sir, tell me, who are you?
"I am simply HARRY THORNTON, those are father's tents you see;
We have all come here to settle, father, mother, sis, and me.
As the weary miles we traveled from a far off city here,
Little did we dream of finding such a sweet young neighbor near;
And when first I saw you coming, like a fairy from the skies,
Though my spirit drank your music, yet I could not trust my eyes!"

"Oh, sir, I am not a fairy — nothing but a half-breed girl —
And amid the tide of fashion, in a busy city's whirl,
When the blaze of regal beauty, loveliness refined, adorned,
Turned its splendors full upon me, ah your fairy would be scorned!
Here you see me 'mid surroundings rude and rough, uncouth and wild,
Clothed in all the rich profusion a fond father clothes his child,
And compare me with the Indian maids and matrons flitting by —
There I grant you, there 's no fairy more a fairy here than I!
But before your blazing beauties I should vanish like the moon,
Who, when full, is bright at midnight, but is lost in light at noon!
Don't say nay, sir, what I tell you is the truth, you may depend,
Here, sir, I am free and happy, only longing for a friend,
Some congenial, kind companion that my heart might twine around,
Then I would not leave Lake Ida, e'en to be an empress crowned!

How I hoped that little sister would have lived, but all in vain;
She was but a ray from Heaven, soon she melted back again!
So I've come to see if you, sir, — oh, forgive, if I offend
By my frankness, — if, perhaps, sir, you would be MANOMIN'S friend?
You, your father, mother, sister, all shall be dear friends of mine —
Oh, my spirit reaches to you like the tendrils of a vine!"
What a flood of blissful feeling rushed through HARRY'S heart and brain!
Floods magnetic through his spirit throbbed as pulses throb with pain,
And he answered: "Yes, MANOMIN, gladly will I be your friend,
And God grant, that like a circle, this dear pledge may have no end!
Call me HARRY, treat me frankly, and how happy we shall be;
Come, MANOMIN, come to mother, all shall welcome you with me!
I will show you dear old grandpa, darling little JESSIE too,
They will join with me, MANOMIN, in this friendship's pledge with you!"

"Well, then wait a moment, HARRY, father sends a few wild geese,
I have also brought some wild rice, as an offering of peace.
In your tongue my name is "'Wild Rice,'" and in future, when you see
Wild rice all along our rivers, it may make you think of me."
"Think of you? can I forget you! From this moment, I declare,
Through my spirit flows a river, wild rice growing ever there!
Stop, MANOMIN, let me carry that great pack of heavy things—
Is this queer thing a goose, MANOMIN? bodkin bill and speckled wings?"
"Goose? oh, no, sir! that is nothing but a *singebis*, or loon,
Which I shot while I was fishing at the inlet yester'noon!"
"What, you shot it?" "Yes, indeed, sir, don't you see my rifle here?
Many an elk has bowed before it, many and many a bear and deer."
Then she swung aloft her rifle, angry flashing in the sun:
"Here it is, sir! ah, you know not half the valiant deeds it 's done!

Come, sometime, to father's cabin, you shall see a strange sight there, —
Trees festooned with fowl and ven'son, strips of elk, and steaks of bear;
Loon skins, of resplendent colors, fashioned into capes and hoods,
Cuffs and collars and fur wrappers, life crop of the lakes and woods!
Such the harvest which we gather, wild MANOMIN and her gun,
But for sport I never hunted, never killed a thing for fun;
Even wolves slink off in safety which offends my father sore,
Though I shoot them when they venture round the precincts of our door.
When I fish, for food I angle, when I hunt, for food I kill,
Often for a starving neighbor — which is more praiseworthy still.
Oh, improvident and wretched, steeped in vice, despair and woe,
Are our poor, unhappy Indians — but the whites have made them so!
Even father, darling father — he who loves me more than life,
Through the greed of traffic daily scatters wide the seeds of strife!

Oft with tears I have besought him to leave off his
hurtful trade,
But he has not hearkened to me, ne'er will hearken,
I 'm afraid!"
Thus they chatted, pure and simple, frank of heart,
and good and true,
Naught of envious pride or hatred, naught of selfish-
ness they knew.
All the world seemed full of glory, candor, honor,
love and truth.
God! 'tis shameful the undreaming all our holy
dreams of youth!
Presently they reached the campment, where, beneath
a grateful shade,
Tents were pitched and fires builded and the daily
meals were made.
Here MANOMIN'S cordial welcome caused some truant
tears to start,
But she hid them as she gathered little JESSIE to
her heart.
We will leave her for the present, happy in her new-
found friends,
Twining JESSIE'S sunny tresses 'round her tapering
finger ends.

PART FOURTH.

THE CHOPPERS—THE RAISING—A GOOD SUPPER AND A JOLLY TIME—INDIAN SUMMER—INDIANS—ESTHER'S FEARS.

In the wild and windy forest how the cheerful axes rung!
While old Autumn on the choppers golden showers thickly flung!
From the wrinkled limbs of lindens, from the spreading tops of elms,
From the tall and trembling aspens, piercing into spirit realms,
From great oaks and balms of Gilead, that for centuries had stood,
From the silver plumaged maples, pride and beauty of the wood,
From the button-wood and walnut and the ash-tree's lofty crown,
From the iron-wood and willows swept the glittering treasures down!

Axes rang and laughter bounded, while majestic over all
Rose the thunder of the timber, sweeping grandly to its fall!
All the settlers had assembled, sturdy, brown, broad-handed band,
With their axes on their shoulders, come to lend a helping hand
In the rearing of a dwelling for the stranger just arrived,
Vowing they would never leave him till his family were hived!
Chopping down and nicely hewing, smooth and thin, the forest trees,
Sawing, riving, shaving shingles, all were busier than bees!
Bossed by Uncle ANDREAS DARLING day by day the dwelling grew
'Neath that busy band of workers, while their jokes like arrows flew;
Trowels scraped and hammers rattled, axes glimmered in the sun;
Roofed and plastered, floored and windowed, RICHARD'S house at last was done.
"Now then, boys," said Uncle DARLING, "many helpers make work light,
Let us move in all this plunder, then we'll have a jig to-night!"

Chairs and tables, bales and boxes from the wagons were unbound,
Beds put up and in the mean time two young men were sent around
To invite the girls, and hire, if they could, old JIM MCBRIDE,
Who was a most splendid fiddler and a jolly chap beside!
HARRY THORNTON and MANOMIN meanwhile hunted far and near,
Trolled for trout and bass and pickerel, laid in wait for bear and deer,
Visited cranberry-marshes, gathered wild plums and wild pears,
Bagged fat pigeons by the dozen, caught young partridges in snares.
Oh, the bliss of those excursions in MANOMIN'S light canoe!
Oh, the joys that thrilled their spirits as they tramped those forests through!
Many a deer escaped their bullets, lost they many a finny prize,
When, instead of "bobs" and "runways" they but watched each other's eyes!
Yet, withal, they were successful, loads of fish they daily caught,
Piles of game of different species — every evening home they brought.

To have solved the question fairly might have eternized the name
Of the most sagacious lawyer, e'en of Philadelphian fame!
In a grove of sugar-maples ESTHER spread the repast out.
What a sight for Epicurus, if that god had been about:
Blue-winged teals and royal mallards, fed upon wild celery beds,
Black ducks, marsh-hens, juicy widgeons, fat and savory crimson-heads,
Plump wild geese and golden pheasants, prairie chickens, young and sweet,
Richly dressed and brownly roasted, more than fifty men could eat!
Broad, black bass and mammoth pickerel, stuffed with highly seasoned paste,
Pike and trout, all poured with sauces, cooked to suit the daintiest taste,
Haunches of the tenderest ven'son, juicy sirloins of the bear,
Steaks of elk and steaming pot-pies filled with buttery grouse were there!
Berries stewed to crimson sauces, vegetables of every kind,
Flakey biscuit, golden butter — really, the bewildered mind

Shrinks from the enumeration of the many viands there,
Grows confused and lost in wonder at this princely bill of fare!
Praise was lavished on the hunters 'mid sly twinkles of the eye,
When MANOMIN, quickly rising, stole in silence, blushing, by;
HARRY also soon was missing, but the roaring feast went on,
Dishes rattled, glasses jingled, red with blood of demi-john!
Fragrant coffee poured its incense wide upon the star-lit air,
Savory smells of roasted dishes smote the senses everywhere!
Down along the loaded table colored lanterns hung in range,
Rendering the whole scene bewildering, oriental, wild and strange.
Surely, Ida's silvery echoes never were thus woke before,
Never answered back such music gaily ringing round her shore!
On the floor the couples gather, wild and free the music swells,
Round and round the brawny hunters twirl the hyperborean belles!

How they danced, and how the music poured its volume of sweet sound,
How all flew when Uncle JIMMY called out loudly: "All hands round!"
Oh, it was a happy party, wild and joyous, full of glee,
All their hearts were running over, full of fun as hearts could be!
Uncle DARLING waltzed and polkaed, danced the schottish o'er and o'er,
Ending with the jig of juba hoed down *solus* on the floor!
Then the guests commenced departing and "good nights" were kindly said,
Though it should have been "good morning," as the east was getting red,
And, before the echoing laughter of the party died away,
Level beams of silvery sunshine registered a new-born day!
ESTHER, after briefly slumbering, bathed her face, and changed her gown,
Then, assisted by MANOMIN, went to work to "settle down."
Little JESSIE and her grand-pa still were sleeping over-head
In the yet unfinished chamber, on a temporary bed.

Long they'd watched the noisy frolic with a truly childish zest,
Age and youth, at last succumbing, wearied out they sought their rest.
How they slumbered, sweetly slumbered, — while the sun rose bright and high,
Pouring floods of glory earthward, through a cloudless autumn-sky.
HARRY and his father early — scarcely seven by the clock, —
Went to felling stable-timber for the housing of their stock.
Ere they went the little table, nice and cosy, had been spread,
Glorious coffee, breast of chicken, yellow butter, snowy bread,
Were the items all sat down to — HARRY by MANOMIN'S side —
Glowing thoughts were his that morning — oh, their range was wild and wide!

Now, that ESTHER and MANOMIN had the field unto themselves
How they worked! They raised the cup-board, scoured and put up the shelves,
Washed the floors and cleaned the windows, tacked the front-room carpet down,

Moved in RICHARD'S walnut book-case, dusted clean
from base to crown,
Hung, on cords before each window, nice white mus-
lin curtains up,
Scoured basins, knives and sauce-pans, washed each
plate and dish and cup,
Made the beds and hung the pictures and the mirror
on the wall,
Nailed some hooks up for the rifles, also some for
hat or shawl.
Out of chaos they brought order, and before the set
of sun
They had finished up their labor all that they could
do was done.
Snugly, in its cumbrous package, left to lie another
day,
Waiting brawnier arms and sinews, mutely the piano
lay.
Evening came, and all were gathered round the fire's
cheerful light,
Once more happy and contented RICHARD'S heart
brimmed with delight.
Worn and weary with their labor early all retired
to bed,
JESSIE and MANOMIN going to the little room o'er-
head.
Thus auspicious, rich with promise, opened RICHARD'S
new career,

'Mid a host of cordial neighbors, on a prospering frontier,
Blessed with health, and strength, and patience, cheerful heart and willing hand,
Teams sufficient, and utensils, rich and fruitful virgin land,
Snug and comfortable dwelling, stores enough to last a year,
Wife and children, books and music, what had RICHARD'S heart to fear?
Different dreams that night were HARRY'S: scarlet waists and beads and quills,
Soft black eyes and thrilling kisses to the brim his spirit fills!
Weary sleepers, slumber sweetly, we will bid you a "good night" —
Undisturbed pursue your wand'rings through the dream-land valleys bright.

'Twas the hazy Indian summer, sweetest period of the year,
All the purple forests echoed with the bounding tread of deer!
And the rippling, splashing noises of the water-fowl at night
Filled the spirit of the Indian with the throbbings of delight!

Everywhere the sound of rifles told of busy hunters out,
Every night the glare of fires told of Indians about!
And the timid ESTHER shivered as she saw those nightly gleams,
While memories of Wyoming ensanguined all her dreams!
'Twas in vain MANOMIN told her, "the Ojibways were all true,
That they would never raise their hands against the whites, she knew,"
For a long time she was fearful and would tremble every night,
Gather JESSIE closely to her if an Indian came in sight.
But at last she grew accustomed to their presence, more and more,
Losing all her nervous feelings, when they came about her door.
And soon she had a torrent of Ojibway life to stem,
For her piano proved to be great medicine to them,
And to every nook and corner of their Reservation flew
The fame of that strange "singing-box," till every Indian knew,
And longed to see it, and they came, both sexes, old and young,

And for days MANOMIN kindly explained in their
own tongue,
All about the shining wonder, all about the glistening
keys,
All about the hidden spirit that sobbed out the har-
monies!

PART FIFTH.

WINTER AMUSEMENTS—MANOMIN'S GRIEF.

WINTER whitened o'er the country, bitter winds
howled round the door,
Yet MANOMIN came as often down to RICHARD'S,
as before.
Oh, the Saxon in her nature daily waged a bitter
strife
With her low and rude surroundings, yearning for
a higher life.
Like the never varying needle, turning always to
the pole,
Ever so to RICHARD'S dwelling turned her young
aspiring soul.
How she hungered how she thirsted for the light
that books can give!
And within the sphere of music seemed another
life to live!

There was still a deeper passion, in those yearnings
of the heart,
In which love for HARRY THORNTON played no
secondary part.
Many months, in all her flittings, through the forest,
o'er the tide,
Hunting, fishing, pleasure seeking, HARRY had been
by her side;
Wise and manly, honest hearted, pure, unselfish,
good and kind,
He was deeply, and forever, in her heart of hearts
enshrined.
Then she loved sweet little JESSIE with a passion
almost wild,
While — ah, love's just compensation — she was wor-
shipped by the child.
See their tresses intermingle, ebony with brightest
gold,
While MANOMIN is relating all the wonders mani-
fold
Of the grim and dark old forest and the fern-fields,
and the brake,
And the lost loon's mournful legend, ever crying
round the lake.
Bright with happiness and beauty, prone before the
hearthstone's flames,
Hear her teaching little JESSIE musical Ojibway
names:

"*Nepe,* darling, means the water, *waugh-bo* is the term for drink,

Muck-o-day-muskik-ah-waugh-bo, ah you laugh, now would you think

That long name was meant for coffee? *Washkiss* is the bounding deer,

Mushkose, elk — *pewaughbec,* iron — oh, you'll learn them, never fear.

Waughpose, rabbitt — *bungee,* little — *buckety* means thin, or poor,

Also signifies "'I'm hungry,'" often heard about your door.

Shema, woman — *waubun,* morning — and *kiagago* means "'I've none.'"

Waukiagan stands for dwelling — *boskiasegan* is a gun.

Nesseshin means "'you are pretty'" — listening HARRY here broke in —

"Let me tell you then, MANOMIN, — *Bungee shema, nesseshin!*"

How she blushed, but still continued — "*Mukwa,* JESSIE, stands for bear,

Oc-kick, bucket, or a kettle — *popuin,* a stool, or chair.

Nitchie, means a friend or fellow — *nepoo,* kill, to die, or dead,

Do-do-shaboo stands for butter, and *buckwauzhigan* for bread,

Neca means a goose — *mondamin* singnifies the waving corn,
And *chee-no-din* is the zephyr playing on the lake at morn,
Muck-o-day is rifle-powder — *weweep,* quickly — *umba,* go,
Scoota-waughbo, dreadful whisky, — the poor Indian's direst foe.
Oween-in-de-shyon, nitchie, is to say, "'whence come you, friend?'"
Dibbe-nin-ge-gan, a circle, ring, or thing without an end,
Sha-ki-ess-scoota-wan, JESSIE, seldom drawn so lengthy, means
Those mysterious things your matches; *musco-tassamin* is beans.
There, I'll finish, for the present, for your brain has got its fill,
Let me kiss you, little darling — you have kept so nice and still!"

Those were happy winter-hours — the old fiddler, JIM MCBRIDE,
As a better place for trapping also came there to reside.
Snugly stored away in crannies of the jolly fellow's brain

There were lots of queer old stories of dark forests,
glen and plain,
There were songs and tunes and riddles, there were
games of every sort,
That filled up those hyperborean days with merriment
and sport.

Quickly sped the merry winter, soft and warm the
south winds pour,
All at once, with smells of daisies, spring came,
singing at the door,
Came with warbling of the robins, came with bud-
dings of the trees,
Every foot-print marked with flowers, incense flung
on every breeze.
Out of all those days of softness, out of all those days
of bloom,
'Mid the fresh and virgin greenness, 'mid the delicate
perfume,
On MANOMIN dawned the morning of a sad and
bitter day —
Death had borne her Indian mother to his dusky
realms away!
Deep and bitter was her sorrow, lowly drooped her
graceful head,
In the wide and silent forest, all alone there with
her dead!

For her father was off trafficking two hundred miles, or more,
At Lake Hassar's lonely trading-post, and evergreen-girt shore.
Suddenly, and unexpected, was her mother called away,
Without warning her freed spirit left its tenement of clay!
All the day, prostrate with sorrow, how she mourned beside the bed,
Pouring forth endearing accents to the cold, unheeding dead!
All the day the robins whistled, all the day the blue-birds sung,
All the day with spring-time melodies the forests gaily rung;
But MANOMIN did not heed them, lifted not her drooping head,
Never once the silent cabin echoed back her cheerful tread!
In the silvery edge of evening the old trapper, JIM MCBRIDE,
On his forest-beat returning, to the cabin turned aside.
And from him the startled neighborhood MANOMIN'S sorrow learned
And toward her little dwelling scores of feet were quickly turned.

Oh, she found no lack of mourners, many a sympathizing heart
Strove to cheer her in her sorrow, or to share with her a part.
ESTHER wound her arms about her in one long and fond embrace,
And, then smoothing back her tresses kissed the tears from off her face.
Old JIM — the brown and brawny — poked his fist into his eye,
And, with bright drops on it shining, vowed he knew not how to cry.
RICHARD THORNTON, kindly taking both her hands within his own,
Spoke endearing words of comfort in a sympathizing tone:
"Dear MANOMIN be not fearful, oh take heart," he kindly said,
"Let your tears flow for the living, they are wasted on the dead!
Oh, the change from earth's probation to the spirit-life above
Is escaping from a darkness to a scene of light and love!
Our own home shall be your dwelling-place — oh, do not look so wild,
For, darling, we will be your parents and you shall be our child!"

Gently, then, did HARRY lead her out beneath the budding trees,
That her fevered, throbbing temples might be billowed by the breeze,
Tenderly upon his bosom, while he drew her aching head,
From his spirit's inmost chamber soft and tremulously said:
"Darling, let me sun thy sorrow with my spirits pleading, warm,
Let me fold thee up forever from the shadow and the storm!
Oh, I love thee, dear MANOMIN, shall my love be all in vain?
Fold it up within thy spirit, as the flowers do the rain!
Hush! thy mother does not need thy tears, for she has sweetly flown
To that summer-land of loving hearts that soon shall be our own.
Once within that world of glory what a joy will then be ours:
Throbbing on 'mid constellations — God's eternal garden-flowers, —
While his blessings, like a nectar, poured from many a golden cup,
Endless streams of bliss ecstatic, fill our thirsty spirits up!

Oh, MANOMIN, shed your sadness, for the world is
full of song;
Every shining, circling season brings its melodies
along:
There is music in the spring-time, when the mellow,
tender breeze
Whispers greetings to the grasses in angelic sym-
phonies;
There is music in the summer, in the gently falling
rain,
As it beats its liquid measures softly on the window-
pane;
There is music in the autumn, in the leaves that float
about,
Sadly sighing, gently breathing their existence sweet-
ly out;
There is music in the winter, in the softly falling
snow,
Gentle, unobtrusive music, so delicious and so low.
Life, itself, is made of music: sweetest strains our
spirits give;
Let us thank the God who made us, dear MANOMIN,
that we live!"

PART SIXTH.

SABBATH ON THE FRONTIER—HARRY'S PHILOSOPHY AND NOBLE SENTIMENTS—GAFFER, OF THE HOLLOW.

FROM the vines and clinging parasites and tops of all the trees
Glorious, regal, queenly summer flung her banners to the breeze!
And the clustering *convolvuli* robed the bald old cliffs in blue
And snowy white and pink and red, while beads of glistening dew—
Sweet tears upon the morning's face—hung flashing in the sun
As royally he mounted up, his daily race to run.
On Lake Ida's sun-lit surface, like white clouds upon the dawn,
Calmly, somnolently swinging, here and there were flocks of swan,

While upon the strands of timber edging round those
prairie-seas
Beat in rippling waves, an incense, odorating every
breeze.
'Twas a pensive Sabbath morning, every energy re-
prest
Nature joined in consecrating the Creator's hour of
rest.
For it seemed as if the noiseless wave, hushed bird,
and softened ray,
Were expressive adumbrations of the humble, quiet
way
She would have us toiling mortals, in a tranquil spirit,
seek
To keep thee — shining child of God — thou first day
of the week!
HARRY THORNTON, on a mossy bank, down by a
purling brook,
That sweetly stole from out the lake, was deep buried
in a book.
And MANOMIN, sweetly, silently, sat close beside him
there,
Diademing with wild roses little JESSIE's golden
hair.
For a time with what avidity his hungry spirit
fed
On those burning words eternal, then presently he
said:

"Oh, MANOMIN, I've been reading of the life that
is to be,
Of a white-robed, glorious morning, soon to dawn on
you and me,
Soon, I say, because probation, long, to some, although
it seem,
When compared to life eternal is a transitory gleam!
And I feel, whene'er I ponder on the brilliant things
in store
For each one of us poor mortals, on that ever vernal
shore,
I could bear all earth's afflictions, go through life all
blind and lorn,
Daily groping to God's altar, there to thank Him I
was born!
But our minds, although immortal, are contracted
finite things: —
As the sun o'erpowers vision with the splendor that
it flings
So we sink in contemplation of the wondrous works
we trace
To the Hand that sowed with planets all the azure
fields of space!
Sad, indeed, I feel, MANOMIN, as I frequently re-
flect,
On the mournful, dark condition of the masses, who
neglect

To encourage the unfolding of those principles, that shine
So bright in this material life and in the life divine!
Oh, those reachings of the spirit after wisdom, truth, and love,
After that broad fellowship that binds the angel hearts above,
After knowledge of eternal space and deep and hidden things,
After primates and first causes amid Nature's mystic springs,
Never, never should be smothered by the weight of selfish cares,
Never, never should be strangled by the growth of worldly tares.
Doubtless many a thrifty farmer yearly tills his fruitful land,
Never wondering how the harvest springs so ready to his hand;
Never wondering how or why it is when he has sown so spare,
Such a bountiful abundance for his sickle should be there!
With no longings of the spirit for immortal things divine,
With no thoughts above his bullocks, with no cares above his swine,

Darkly plodding on his journey till he sinks beneath
his years,
To be born a puling infant, in the glorious inner
spheres!
Oh, I recognize the duties and realities of life,
Realize its heavy burdens, know the sharpness of its
strife,
Still, amid its toil and trouble, 'mid its anxious care
and pain,
I would garner up a treasure that should be eternal
gain!
Not of gold, and not of silver, houses, lands, or
costly gems,
But of love, and light, and knowledge, Heaven's
radiant diadems!
Years of enervating study, weary miles of travel,
sore,
Will not serve as *open sesames* to Nature's hidden
door.
'Tis a door that swingeth lightly, without chain, or
bar, or lock,
'Tis a door that opens freely to the humblest, if
they knock!
While the manly dew of labor gathers thick upon
my brow,
As I fell the heavy forest-trees, or tramp behind
the plow,

Every chip, or leaf, or flower, every shrub, or bush, or tree,
Every sod I turn or blade of grass speaks lovingly to me!
In the self same earth embedded, nourished by the self same rain,
Side by side the elm and maple, side by side the chess and grain,
Side by side a thousand natures, widely varying, daily grow,
Some maturing very quickly, some unfolding very slow,
Never mingling in confusion, but from earth and air and sun
How precisely the right principles are gathered to each one!
Thus I daily learn the lessons taught by flower and tree and sod,
While my glory-laden spirit beats in harmony with God!
Bows before the great Omnicient, Omnipresent, All in All,
In the ocean of whose bosom worlds unnumbered rise and fall!
Out of whose magnetic spirit every tree-leaf is unrolled,
By whose love the eves of heaven are all fillagreed with gold!

By whose power the sap beats steady through the veins of every tree,
By whose will the winds are driven over forest, plain, and sea;
By whose sufferance the lightnings draw their gleaming sabers out,
By whose guidance every comet keeps its strange erratic route!
Not the smallest microscopic animalculum that lives
Ever moves without the power that the great All-father gives!
From His lovely life the flowers catch their thousand-tinted hues!
From His bosom to the grasses flow the sweet, refreshing dews!
Every dream of immortality with which our minds are rife,
Every law that guides our dear ones in the higher, inner life,
All things in space that go to make the Grand Eternal Whole
Assure me that each living thing lives in the Father's Soul!
We are richly blessed, MANOMIN, waked to being 'neath a sun
Where the blessed boon of freedom is conferred on every one!

Every one! oh, God forgive me, I forgot the menial black,
With his groans and tears and manacles, and gashes on his back!
I forgot the sobbing children, clinging to their father's knees,
As at sight of the slave-trader all their young life's currents freeze,
I forgot the frantic mother, shrieking like a maniac wild,
As from out her bosom, ruthlessly, was torn her infant child!
Oh, I pity them, MANOMIN, but the time shall surely be
When God's bare arm from Heaven shall reach down and set them free!
What if through our fields deserted, crimsoned wide by war's red wave,
Over smoking homes just Heaven makes a pathway for the slave!
What if grief and death and terror, famine, pestilence and woe,
Through our land with desolations, pave a way for them to go!
What if you and I, MANOMIN, in that fearful reckoning time,
Come to grief with other thousands innocent of this foul crime?

Could we blame our common Father, at whose feet
the groans and tears
Of this race have begged deliverance for a hundred
weary years?
Are they not as much his children as the whitest race
of men?
And from chains and lusts and beatings shall he not
release them then?
Oh, MANOMIN, our republic must yet lay aside this
sin!
She must rise and cast it from her as an adder casts
its skin!
Then redeemed! regenerated! founded on true free-
dom's rock!
She may face all allied powers, never trembling at
the shock!
And as luminous as God's great seal, set on the deed
of day,
Down the shining path of ages she may grandly
keep her way!
A Freedom's star of Bethlehem! — a bright beacon,
blazing clear!
Telling all the shipwrecked of the earth, '"sweet
freedom's port is here!'"
Yes, I say again, MANOMIN, we are blessed beyond
our ken,
That our day is made so glorious by the deeds of
glorious men!

Glorious in their Christian virtues, brightest jewels of a state!
Glorious in their *academia*, which the world may imitate,
Glorious in their clanging presses, scattering wisdom far and wide,
Dropping papers, books and pamphlets at the farthest fireside!
Glorious in their independence and their simple polity,
Glorious in their pride of labor, and their gentle comity,
Glorious in their friendly feelings, holding out inviting hands
To oppression's struggling victims in the trans-Atlantic lands!
Oh, my beating heart is swelling with a wild, immortal joy!
And I bless my God, MANOMIN, that I am a Yankee-boy!"
"Yes, but HARRY, oh, how little know I of those glorious things,
I am daughter of the forest where dark shadows spread their wings!
True, the kind Great Spirit gave me a white father, fond and good,
Then yourself, to shine upon me like a sun-beam through the wood!

But my proud, ambitious spirit, struggling in this hybride clay,
Vainly plucks at clouds that gather and obscure its perfect day!
Though I've always yearned for wisdom little progress still I made,
Till you came, for darling father thinks of nothing but his trade!
He would not have taught me, HARRY, of the glory of the spheres,
Where no bended form or wrinkles mark the wear and tear of years!
Nor have told me of the millions — millions upon millions more —
Bright, seraphic, happy beings, living on that shining shore!
You have made my heart a garden, where against love's arches shine
Hopes immortal, burst in blossom, fanned by atmospheres divine!
Oh, the future shines before us, all the countless coming years,
With a grandeur of God's smiling that so overflows the spheres!
Where, among celestial gardens, crowns of flowers ever bloom
For the brows of new immortals daily issuing from the tomb!

Often has my spirit wandered, in my wild ecstatic dreams,
Through that land of regnant summer, by the clear, immortal streams,
Where the roses bloom forever and forever, loved and blest,
Even poor, misguided Indians find an everlasting rest!—"
Here a sigh escaping near her made MANOMIN turn her head,
"Why! good GAFFER! how you frightened me!" she tremulously said.
"Fear not, daughter, peace be with you, for I bring you words of love;
You are bidden to my cabin by the shining ones above.
With you, too, my youthful brother, there be those that fain would speak,
Come with her and learn together what your eager spirits seek!
Come this evening, come to-morrow, or on any other day;
I am GAFFER of the Hollow, and MANOMIN knows the way!"
Saying which he wrapped his blanket closer round his slender frame
And departed through the undergrowth as strangely as he came.

PART SEVENTH.

SÉANCE IN THE FOREST — THE SPIRIT MESSAGE.

SOFT and mellow fell the moonlight — slanting bars
of silver-sheen
Flecked the forest with a brightness, piercing through
the roof of green.
Deep, profoundest calm was reigning — slumber-
locked seemed every breeze,
Loons were wailing in the marshes, glow-worms flam-
ing 'mong the trees!
Like a lake of molten silver Ida lay beneath the
light,
Flashing back the mirrored graces of bewitching sweet
young Night!
In a graceful semi-circle swept the beach of glittering
sand,
Where MANOMIN'S skiff was lying, drawn half-way
upon the strand.

What an atmosphere for lovers, everything conspired
to charm ;
Even forest-shadows wandered two by two and arm
in arm!
Slowly HARRY and MANOMIN moved along toward
the beach,
Tender, low, and deeply earnest, fell the music of
their speech.
They were talking of the future and comparing hopes
and fears,
Interchanging vows and pledges, laying plans for
coming years.
Castle building! sweet withdrawal from real life's
bewildering din!
Though of millions who build castles few there be
that enter in!
At the beach our lovers halted to decide which way
to take,
They were setting out for GAFFER'S — should they
go by shore or lake?
"Let us take the skiff, MANOMIN, I can row you
there, you know,
You will get so tired, darling, if the forest-path we
go.
Mother says that you have labored hard and faith-
fully all day,
So I think that we had better take the easiest,
shortest way."

"Oh, no, HARRY, 'twould be cruel! all day long
you 've held the plow,
And your arms, though strong and willing, must be
weary even now;
Though I know, 'tis very pleasant in the skiff with
you to ride,
Still, I think it will be nicer — arm in arm and side
by side,
Through this flood of lunar glory, tinted by the forests
green,
For us both to walk, my HARRY, and enjoy this
glorious scene."
"Well, my darling, I am willing, even so then let
it be;
Oh, to feel you ever near me is sufficient joy for
me."
So they journeyed on together, underneath the em-
erald boughs,
Living only in each other, breathing love, exchanging
vows.

There were few in all that country — trader, trapper,
warrior bold,
Child or woman, white or Indian — who with truth,
might not have told
Strangest stories of this GAFFER, things experienced
or heard —

Still 'twas rare to hear him mentioned, strangers never heard a word
Of the supernatural doings, day and night and night and day
At his cabin, in the hollow, wrought by spirits passed away.
'Twas a subject all avoided, none could read the riddle through —
To your questions they would answer: "I don't know, no more than you!
All I know, is, I have seen them, felt their hands, and heard them play
On the banjo, horn and fiddle, heard them come and go away!
Where they went to — where they came from — who they are I cannot tell,
There's the way to GAFFER'S cabin, try the thing yourself a spell!"
Perfect in its isolation GAFFER'S cabin darkly stood,
Girdled round by quaking aspens, in a hollow of the wood.
Grape-vines wove a woof above it, turning every ray of light,
Not a moon-beam crossed the threshold even on the brightest night.
The interior of the cabin was most primitive and rough,

That no juggler's art was practised here was evident enough.
One large square room of hewn oak logs with no floor except the earth,
A heavy table, fire-place, a single "bunk," or "berth,"
An air-pump and a curious, rude electrical machine,
With some crucibles and blow-pipe in one corner might be seen,
Three shelves of books, a violin, and banjo 'gainst the wall,
A rifle and a microscope, a horn, and that was all,
Excepting some three-legged stools, and antlers of a deer,
All other "helps" of jugglers were clearly wanting here.
GAFFER, HARRY and MANOMIN, round the table joined their hands.
Poor MANOMIN'S heart went thumping up against her bodice-bands;
Frightened, though she knew not wherefore, daring not to speak a word,
How the cold chills rippled o'er her when some little raps were heard!
Falling first so soft and gently, now they ceased, then came again,
Thicker, faster, how they rattled, like the pattering feet of rain!

Then a strong and heavy knocking, like a war-club's sonorous sound,
Rang three times upon the table, then smote dully on the ground!
Instantly the darkness vanished, fled before a brilliant gleam
Of a phosphorescent brightness, making poor MANOMIN scream.
"Peace, my child, no danger threatens, oh, fear not," a soft voice said;
Then a white hand formed above her and descending, stroked her head!
In a moment more it melted — through the room then moved a breeze,
Quickly followed by a moaning, like the moaning sound of seas;
On the banjo now an air was played upon a single string,
While a chorus of sweet voices sang as only angels sing!
Then the yellow gleam grew brighter, rose, and spread, and grew more bright,
Till no space was left for shadows — all the cabin glowed with light!
From the midst of which, a presence, bright and beautiful and mild,
Gazed in love upon MANOMIN — oh, the mother sought her child!

Sought her child — what mother would not? Rest assured, the law of love
Is the gravitation bringing all our dear ones from above!
If the ether-ushered spirit 's free to go where'er it choose
Then to linger round its loved ones, what fond parent could refuse?
"Oh, MANOMIN, fear no evil," spoke the presence sweet and low,
"Love, instead, and peace and knowledge bring we to our friends below!
I can scarcely find expression for the things I wish to say,
Oh, so different lives the spirit, freed from its dark bonds of clay!
We are like to persons calling unto one down in a well:
Of the glories of the heavens and the landscapes we would tell,
With the majesty of ocean, as its billows grandly roll,
And sublimity of mountains we would fill his darkened soul.
We would tell him of the valleys and the far off peopled stars,
Of cascades and brooks and rivers and the rainbow's sun-dyed bars!

Of the forests and the prairies and the fields of waving grain,
Of the grasses, birds and flowers, of the falling dew and rain;
But he shuts his ears against us, saying: "'Cease this talk to me,
I have eyes and will and reason, but these things I cannot see!
Long and hollow is the landscape, circumscribed your spreading sky,
And I have no faith in mountains, nor in rainbows, no, not I!
I know all about the ocean, but its billows do not roll,
Birds and flowers are children's stories, they exist not in my soul!
Rocks and mosses are around me, overhead I see the sky;
Oh, your humbugs don't confound me, by my truths I'll live and die!'"
Pitying him, we slowly lower down a rope and draw him out,
Speech could not depict his feelings as his eyes sweep round about,—
"'Oh, the beauty, oh, the glory! to my vision here unrolled—
God forgive my doubts when truly not a millionth part was told!'"

So it is with you, my daughter: you may doubt the truths we tell,
For your spirit, too, is groping in the bottom of a well!
So was mine — oh, darkly groping — till, at length, you know that night —
A magnetic cord was lowered, — I was drawn up in the light!
And such light! oh, darling daughter, mind of man cannot conceive;
Every shrub and weed is radiant past your powers to believe!
While we move among the forests all their essences we see,
And the wonderful processes by which nature builds each tree!
Note the sugar seek the maple, see the resin seek the pine,
Watch the primates as they gather to the tree, the stalk or vine!
Mountain mosses, rocks and pebbles, stalk and grass, and flower and weed,
Ores and salts, as well as diamonds, insects, fruits, and roots and seed,
Houses, furniture and volumes, birds and animals, and man,
All are given different lustres in the great creative plan!
All the treasures of the ocean easily we can explore,

See its pearls and diamonds glitter on its ribbed and rocky floor!
Down its wide and watery valleys note the endless saurian swarms,
See the sea-plants widely reaching forth their hydrogenous arms!
Every pulse within your body, every thought your mind unfolds
Is as patent to our vision as the water ocean holds!
We know nothing here of darkness, shadows dwell not where we are,
Space is one vast blaze of beauty, hither, thither, near or far!
Round among the constellations we may freely flash along,
Swelling the eternal chorus — Father God's harmonial song!
By our widened, deepened vision, by our brighter, higher birth,
We would pray you let your longings rise above the things of earth!
Man is an eternal spirit, fruit of a creative love
Broader, deeper, far more boundless than your firmament above!
Not to strive for place and power, not to hunger for renown,
Not to buy and sell a brother, not to tread each other down,

Not to heap up idle riches, not to grasp, with greedy hands,
Bonds and deeds and obligations, broad domains of idle lands,
Not to laden his bright spirit down with things of little worth,
But to love, to live and let live, was man sent upon the earth!
Endless circles of progression, starting at the earth, flow on,
In which mill of life the spirit ever is refined upon!
Every trial, every hardship — when God's plan is understood,
Will be seen to be an agent for the working out of good!
Some experiences await you, and your mate there, by your side,
Which, though pregnant with sad heartaches, cannot well be turned aside!
As the forest-tree is strenghtened by the rude and ruthless blast,
So your spirits shall be stronger when your coming woes are past!
I shall hover ever near you, whispering hope when hope is low,
Good night, children, duties call me, all my blessings I bestow!"

PART EIGHTH.

MORE OF HARRY'S PHILOSOPHY—RICHARD'S ENEMY.

IDA'S forest stood in beauty on that calm, mid-summer night,
Emerald foliage bathed in glorious, golden seas of lunar light,
Air as soft as breath of roses, nature's voices whispering low,
O'er the silvery water's surface shadows flitted to and fro!
HARRY THORNTON and MANOMIN, in the moon-light, side by side,
Sat together, with their bare feet glistening in the cooling tide!
Innocent and pure in spirit, happy, guileless, loving pair!
E'en misanthrope might have loved them as they sat together there!

All the day along the furrow, with hot feet and dripping brow,
Patiently had HARRY THORNTON toiled behind the breaking plow!
And MANOMIN, ever present, back and forth, from morn till night,
Walking with him, talking with him, made his weary task seem light!
Little sunny-headed JESSIE, too, was with them all the day;
Sometimes with sweet-williams making the near ox's head look gay,
Sometimes slumbering in the shadow of a jack-oak, thick and low,
Sometimes butterflies pursuing, as they flitted to and fro,
Sometimes like a sunbeam darting 'neath the trees, whene'er she heard
The vivacious squirrel barking, or the whistle of a bird;
Sometimes in the furrow stalking with droll mimicry of tread,
Till MANOMIN caught and kissed her — darling little sunny-head!
As I said, the weary labor of the sultry day was done,
In the west there still was lingering some bright foot-prints of the sun,

While the moon came circling queenly o'er a roof
of forest green,
Robing HARRY and MANOMIN in a costly silver
sheen!
"How the wish is rising, HARRY, that I might be
rich and fair,
Learned and graceful as the ladies in those far off
cities are!
Then I'd buy a little cottage on some quiet river's
shore
Where we all would dwell together, you should never
labor more!
Do you know that every Indian looks with most
supreme disdain
On the toiling, sweating paleface, slaving 'mong his
roots and grain?"
"Yes, MANOMIN, well I know it — 'tis the curse of
that dark race,
For the rosary God blesses is the beads on labor's
face!
Not to labor is to perish, rust and mold, stagnate
and die!
'Tis to be the only idle thing of God's beneath the
sky!
Oh MANOMIN, all is labor through the universe of
God,
From the swinging of a planet to the breathing of
a sod!

How the restless sea is toiling, and the stars are beating loud,
And across the waste of heaven flies a lone, unquiet cloud.
Toiling seasons sweep along the earth, winds shake the slumbrous flowers,
Bright lightnings fly and rains come down in frantic, sobbing showers!
The burning sun swift speeds along the western track of heaven,
Pursuing night comes flying up the eastern one at even!
Thus Nature's daily toil goes on forever round the world,
No rest for earth, no quiet cove where she with sails all furled
Might sweetly swing so tranquilly upon the heaving breast
Of God's eternal, endless deep, like a sleeping swan at rest!
Oh, the yearly builded structures of the birds in every tree,
And the ant's industrial lessons are God's sermons unto me!
Labor, labor is their burden, toil from dewy morn till night,
If you would be blessed and happy, if you would be strong and bright,

Labor, labor without ceasing, idleness begetteth crime,
Laboring nations are the grandest, in whatever age or clime!
Year on year the ancient adage proves itself to be most true:
Satan surely will find mischief for each idle hand to do!
But, MANOMIN, see how nearly the round moon hangs over head,
'Tis the noon of night, my darling, we must hasten off to bed!
For the cool, refreshing, dewy lips of early morning's light
Ought to kiss us in the furrow, — so, sweet moon and stars, good night!"

RICHARD THORNTON'S life was flowing peaceful as a sunny dream
Wandering through the vales of slumber, like a broad and quiet stream.
Health and peace and bounteous plenty, merry hearts and sunny looks,
Toil, all silver-edged with music, precious hours with his books,
Were the blessings that had settled sweetly down within his breast,
Filling all his thankful being up with fullest sense of rest!

But how oft from unseen *nimbi* bursts an unexpected
storm,
So defiantly ignoring the fair promises of morn!
One calm evening, while the sunset tinged with gold
the growing grain,
Slowly o'er the rolling prairie came a solitary wain.
Drawn by bony, brindle oxen, poor and dismal look-
ing things,
And the wagon cover painted blacker than Appolyon's
wings!
Clad in heavy, grimy ducking, armed with sharp re-
lentless goad,
Fierce, repelling, hairy creature seemed the owner
of the load.
Not a note of childhood's laughter, not a gleam of
woman's smile,
Not a flutter of a ribbon once relieved that dismal
pile!
Silent, gloomy heap of blackness, hail ye from some
demon's lair?
One would almost, 'neath the wagon, look to find
cerberus there!
It was mail-day and the settlers, gathered in an idle
throng,
Gazed intently on the stranger coming leisurely
along.
Rough and various the conjectures as to whom the
man might be

As he slowly came still nearer, like some great, dark
destiny.
But they met him with a cordial grasp of hand and
beam of eye,
Asked the news and if the crossings of the Sauk
were getting dry?
How he liked the corduroying in the woods, which
they had done?
Would he take a claim among them or still further
travel on?
At that moment, RICHARD THORNTON, having just re-
ceived his mail,
Stepped up briskly to the talkers, but his cheeks
turned deadly pale
As he cast upon the stranger one quick look of wild
alarm,
And prepared to hasten homeward, when a hand com-
pressed his arm.
Quickly turning with a frightful, ashen pallor on
his cheek,
Pulseless, tongue-tied for a moment he could scarce-
ly move or speak.
But 'twas Uncle ANDREAS DARLING'S calm and pleas-
ant eyes he met,
And a smile of reassurance gleamed among the drops
of sweat
That in his great apprehension had bedewed his
ruddy face —

"Hold on, THORNTON! where in blazes are you rushing at that pace?"
"Ha! good evening Uncle DARLING!" quickly giving him his hand,
"What's the news among the settlers? Have they found old TOM LE GRAND?"
"No, poor fellow, he's a goner — ginseng's been the death of him —
Five days lost — starved dead by this time — how comes on old Uncle JIM?"
"Brisk as ever — full of music — he's a rare old bit of clay —
He and HARRY and MANOMIN went out hunting yesterday;
Away round the head of Carlos where that run'way is, you know:
JIM and HARRY killed a bruin and MANOMIN shot a doe;
So we've got a world of cutlets, steaks and roasts, and fries and stews;
Come on over, Uncle DARLING, smoke your pipe and read the news."
"Nothing, sure, would please me better, that I need not tell you, DICK,
But I've got to do the milking, as my gals have taken sick —
Raspberry shortcake's what's the matter — mother crams in too much cream,

And the pesky stuff has laid 'em flatter than a puncheon beam!"

"Well, good night, then, I must hasten, for you see, 'tis getting late;

ESTHER 'll worry if the sun-down does not find me at the gate."

So they parted, RICHARD THORNTON hurrying with redoubled tread,

In his heart a wild foreboding of some great, impending dread.

"God of mercy, God of justice, is there no where that I can

Hide me from the hideous presence of this base, revengeful man?

Dear as was our little cottage, and our friendships dearer still,

Yet we left them, vainly thinking to escape this man's ill will.

By what methods he will wrong me God in heaven only knows,

But the knowledge of his presence rings the knell of our repose!

Darling ESTHER, angel ESTHER, tender mother, loving wife,

You have merited a smoother, greener, lovelier path of life!"

Such the anguishing reflections RICHARD'S mind conned o'er and o'er,

Ending only as his footfall crossed the threshold of his door.
There the cheerful scene that met him caused the shadows to depart,
Light his eyes with pleasure's beacons, cast the demons from his heart.
On the hearth a cheerful fire sunned the chill from evening's air,
While old JIM, forever happy, puffed his pipe in comfort there.
In one corner ESTHER'S father, o'er the Bible bending low,
Read of that celestial city where his spirit longed to go.
And the table's snowy cover, gemmed with ware so pure and white,
And the odorous smells of coffee, filled his senses with delight.
Sure, it needed not that ESTHER should entwine him in her arms,
Or have kissed his lips so fondly, to have banished his alarms.
Yet, the loving creature did it, and I am not sure but he
Gave her back those self-same kisses, as he drew her on his knee.
Then as JESSIE and MANOMIN played some old and simple tunes

Through his spirit flowed the sweetness of a thousand
gathered Junes!
And that night while all were sleeping, quietly,
without a fear,
To his wife he turned and whispered: "ESTHER,
ROBERT KING IS HERE!"

PART NINTH.

ROBERT KING'S CABIN—UNCLE DARLING AND "BITING BETTY"—"BITING BETTY" MARKS A STRAY!

WHERE the dark primeval forest skirted Ida's eastern face
ROBERT KING had built his cabin, in a most secluded place.
No bright glimpses of the water, or the shell-bejewelled shore,
Or the sweetly meaded prairie fondly met you at his door!
For his cabin, small and wretched, in a gloomy hollow stood,
Made obscurer by the debris of the patriarchal wood!
And a sudden, firm conviction that this wretch, so hid away,
Was a scheming villain, skulking from the honest light of day,

Forced itself at once upon you when his dwelling
met your eyes,
And a hot, repulsive feeling in your breast would
quickly rise.
From all friendly calls and visits in immunity he
dwelt,
Not a neighbor's heart toward him a kindly impulse
felt.
For shamefully and scornfully, to every one's amaze,
He 'd slighted all the offers made to come and help
him raise.
And with but simply slighting them he did not rest
content,
But to Uncle ANDREAS DARLING an insulting note
he sent,
And the tenor of the billet was, that every one must
mind
Their own concerns more strictly, or they would
surely find
That they had kindled needlessly a bitter, hostile
flame,
For he would not suffer meddling, under any form or
name!
Uncle DARLING read the missive with a wondering
surprise,
Then a flash of indignation gleamed a moment from
his eyes,

And he took down "Biting Betty" from the hooks
just o'er his bed,
And dosed her with a powder, then a sugar plum of
lead,
And while settling her stomach thus he quietly did
say:
"Old Bet, I give you warning now to keep out of
that chap's way!
Because, through all the settlement you can't deny,
'tis known
That you have got a hasty, fiery temper of your
own,
And if at that old hedghog you should, some time,
let fling,
Why, you see as how old Betty 'twould be bad for
ROBERT KING!
But now, old Bet, my darling, let us mosey up the
lakes,
To wake up those young goslings that sleep among
the brakes,
And if, by any accident, we meet this critter now,
For goodness sake old Betty, don't get me in a row!"
So he shouldered her and started through the woods,
and far away,
Crossed the marshes and the hollows and climbed
the cliffs so gray,
And never checked his footsteps till he reached the
gloomy glade

Where the wretch of his soliloquy his dreary h
had made!
As he passed the silent cabin not a stir of life was
there
But the dismal wagon-cover, swinging wildly in the
air;
Not a single bird chirped cheerily to break the still-
ness round,
And "wolf" was all the "varmint sign" he found
upon the ground!
On he strode through groves of poplar and great fields
of prickly ash,
Never heeding rents or scratches, or sometimes a
deeper gash,
Presently he reached a hollow skirting RICHARD
THORNTON'S claim,
Where a lovely grape-vine arbor bore sweet little
JESSIE'S name.
Here he paused, for sounds of voices touched his
ever listening ear,
And he hid himself a moment, wondering who was
drawing near.
It was JESSIE, and her mother who were slowly
coming there,
Talking, singing, telling stories, walking out to take
the air.
Briskly stepping from his cover, with his smiling
eyes alight,

He was going on to meet them when a man's form
came in sight.
Back again behind his shelter, stepping light as
sylvan elf,
"Ha!" he whispered, "by old Goshen! there's that
'tarnal KING himself!"
So it was, and ESTHER saw him and endeavored to
turn back,
But all grim, his hated presence stretched itself
across her track;
Gathering all her strength together she prepared her-
self to hear
Taunts and insults and dark threatenings, as the
dreaded man drew near.
"Ah, Miss ESTHER — Missis THORNTON! — so you
fled to hide from me!
That's a job, my whilome sweetheart, not so easy
done, you see!
As the hound, though slowly tracking, finds at last
the flying deer,
So from point to point I traced you, till at length I
found you here!
Here I'm watching, here I'm waiting, you shall
never know relief,
Soon, again, I warn you, madam, you and yours
shall come to grief!
Well you know my vow that evening that you stabbed
me with your scorn,

That I'd wring your heart until you cursed the day
that you were born!
Years and years your joys enraged me — years so
bitter, gaunt and grim —
Oh, I could have eat my heart out in my hate of
you and him!
But you know the sequel, ESTHER — here's that cot-
tage deed, my dear!
That same thing shall be repeated — you shall soon
be homeless here!
Yet, I think, on one condition I would bid my ven-
geance cease,
And abandon plans maturing, soon to wreck your
present peace!
You are young, and fresh yet, ESTHER, see the bloom
upon your cheek,
Come, and feed me on its roses in my cabin once
a week!
Now there is a" — "Silence, villain, stand aside, sir,
from my path!
You have got a tongue more devilish than the blackest
demon hath!
Stand aside, sir, scheming coward, base insulting,
wicked thing,
I despise your foolish threatenings as I scorn *you,*
ROBERT KING!"
"Nay, now calm your ruffled feathers, smooth your
plumage, pretty bird;

I can force you if I choose to, for your screams cannot
be heard."
And he laid his hand upon her; at that instant,
loud and clear,
Rang the tone of DARLING'S rifle, and a bullet smote
his ear.
Stunned and bleeding, back he staggered, nearly fall-
ing to the ground,
And the offending hand was quickly pressed upon
the painful wound.
Uncle DARLING paused a moment, just a moment to
reload,
And to cap "Old Biting Betty," forward then he
quickly strode,
Heeding not KING'S leveled rifle with its rampant
hammer grim,
Heeding not his burning eyeballs, but with eyes fixed
straight on him,
Swiftly up he rushed and caught him, struck the rifle
from his hand,
Then confronted and addressed him in provoking
accents bland:
"Really stranger you 'll excuse me, but you see,
I kinder thought,
That yer weap'n was a pintin, jest now whar it hadn't
ought.
May be 'twas because my eyesight aint so good as 't
use to be.

But I swow now I felt sartin you was pokin her
at me!"
"So I was, and I intended to have shot you through
the head!
I can only thank your blindness that I'm not among
the dead!"
"Wall, it is a pity, stranger — yet I *kin* see middlin
clear —
Anyhow, I'll bet a mink-skin, that I popped you
through the ear!
No use getting riley, stranger — case with me that
never pays —
Ear-holes is the mark "Old Betty" allers puts upon
my strays!
But now, neighbor, if you really want to know what's
fer yer good,
Take yer pop-gun up and travel quicker 'n lightnin
from this wood!
And if e'er again I catch you sneakin round this
holler here,
By old Goshen! Betty'll bore you smack and smooth
through t'other ear!
For this ground is consecrated, and is not for such
as you;
Now be off, you sneaking puppy, and be careful what
you do!"
Then he turned to sobbing ESTHER — for excitement's
quick rebound

Had so left her weak and helpless, she sank weeping
to the ground;
And to shocked and frightened JESSIE, who in silence
had stood by,
Until now there was no danger she cried hard as
she could cry.
Soothing words of kind encouragement so tenderly,
he spake,
Vowing if that rascal harmed them speedy vengeance
he would take,
But all the while maintaining that KING would never
dare,
To execute his threatenings, which were only empty
air!
And fatherly advising her, as he left her at her
door,
Not to tell her husband of it — nor to think about it
more —
"For he cannot mend the matter, and 'twill only give
him pain,
And I know that KING will never dare to try that
thing again!
But if he does, and Betty here is called upon to
sing
Another of her songs to him, then *good bye, Bobby
King!*
But, ESTHER, I must hustle off — or, by the 'tarnal
law,

My wife 'll think I've run away with some good
looking squaw!"
So off into the woods he sprang and soon was lost to
view,
This strong, athletic, stalwart man, kind-hearted, good,
and true.

PART TENTH.

MEDITATIONS OF A VILLAIN—"DO NO MURDER, ROBERT KING!"—MANOMIN'S JOURNEY—THE MIDNIGHT INCENDIARY!

Down in ceaseless, sobbing torrents fell a cold, autumnal rain,
Beating sad and dismal measures on the dripping window-pane!
Come and gone had Indian summer, and the naked forest trees
Wailed and moaned and tossed their bare arms, cold, and shivering in the breeze.
All throughout the leafless forest unobstructed swept the eye,
No thick vines or matted branches shut away the arching sky.
Leaves of red and brown and purple, white leaves, brightly spangled o'er,
Wet and shining gleamed and glistened like a rich mosaic floor!

ROBERT KING was in his cabin, door and window fastened tight,
Grimly brooding o'er his vengeance, by his fitful fire light.
In his hand he held a letter — "Yes," he muttered, "that's the plan;
Let the sale come off at that time RICHARD is a ruined man!
Ah, we'll see, my scornful ESTHER, how you'll writhe, and weep and pray!
Oh, I'll make you — as I told you — curse your very natal day!
As for that great blustering hunter —— every day he passes by
The old wigwam in the hollow, he this very day must die!
I'm resolved to stop at nothing, I will teach these meddling fools
That 'tis dangerous to be trifling, children like, with sharpened tools!"
Then he paused, and every feature wore a dark, malignant frown,
Presently he rose, and reaching, took his long bright rifle down;
Then again he hesitated, as if fearful, or in doubt,
Suddenly he wrapt an oil-cloth round his rifle and set out.

As he neared the lonely wigwam, lo, a figure, tall and slim,
With a sharp and angry visage, suddenly confronted him:
"Stay your footsteps, son of evil — leave undone this wicked thing,
Listen to the God within you — *Do no murder,* ROBERT KING!"
With averted eyes in terror silently had ROBERT stood,
Now he raised them, as the voice ceased, — he alone was in the wood!
Paled his face, short grew his breathings, frightfully his eyeballs glared —
Then he cursed himself and muttered: "I'm a fool for being scared!
But I don't quite like this business, "'murder'" sounds a little rough,
And I reckon, without killing, I can get revenge enough!"
Like a pluckless beaten spaniel, meanest among earth's mean men,
He at once retraced his footsteps, slunk again into his den.

Once again with purest ermine, costly, spotless, soft, and white,

Winter tenderly enfolded earth's brown bosom from the sight.
Every bald old rock or boulder, limb or log beneath that sky
Wore a lavish robe of beauty princes were too poor to buy.
And the trees that had so sadly cast their garments, one by one,
Now, bedecked with winter's diamonds, shone resplendent in the sun!
It was evening, RICHARD THORNTON, holding little golden head,
Sat beside his cheerful fire, talking of the summer fled,
And of absent, loved MANOMIN, who had gone, a week ago,
Far away o'er sheeted prairies, frozen lakes and drifts of snow;
Far away through leafless forests, tangled thickets, groves of pines,
Far beyond where Crow Wing River with the Red-Eye joins and winds,
Far beyond sweet Lake Lelina, where the deep pine forests roar,
North of Mix and Ikwe's bosoms, to Lake Hassar's pine girt shore.
It was thought a fearful journey for a stalwart man to take,

How then more than doubly fearful for a tender girl
to make?
But "Pewaubeck" and two other lithe limbed warriors
brought, one day
A short letter from her father, that sick unto death
he lay
At the trading-post of Hassar, straight her filial
love arose,
And she bade adieu to comforts, braved at once the
blinding snows,
Scathing winds, and dismal forests, shrieking in the
bitter cold,
Giving shelter to rapacious packs of wolves grown
hunger-bold!
Took no thought of treacherous marshes, miles and
miles of frozen lakes,
Wind swept prairies, brambled thickets, snow piled
hollows, drifted brakes;
Urged by that most potent power, strong, deep seated
filial love,—
Heaven's law of gravitation, binding all its hosts
above
Down to kindred shining spirits wrapped in earthly
forms of clay,
Tenderly forever watching, till death rends those
forms away.
Love, oh love, thou art the power ruling all eternal
things,

More resistless than the simoon is the flutter of thy wings.
Urged, I say, by this resistless power of love she faced wild storms,
Boldly braved the King of Terrors in its most appalling forms.
All that loved and loving circle deeply mourned her dreary task,
But that she should hush love's pleadings and remain, they could not ask.
So with fur-lined skirt and mantle, swan-down socks upon her feet,
Over-drawn by finest doeskin moccasins embroidered neat,
A broad girdle trimmed with feathers, leathern pouch of brightest red,
And a quilted hood of otter, snugly fitting to her head,
Fur-lined mittens and long armlets thoughtful little JESSIE'S gift,
Nice light snow-shoes, made by HARRY, to defy the deepest drift;
Blessed and kissed and well provisioned, bundled snugly, dry and warm,
They committed her, one morning, with wet eyes unto the storm!
And as RICHARD thought about it, on that howling wintry night,

Sitting there in all the comfort of his cheerful fire light,
Fears and doubts and wild misgivings made his anxious forehead damp,
And his spirit seemed to seek her in her distant snow-bound camp!
Then mature reflection whispered that her guides were good and true,
And she would not lack a comfort that their cunning wood craft knew.

ESTHER plied her busy needle with a calm, contented air,
While her dear old father slumbered sweetly in the rocking chair.
Lonesome HARRY read the papers, heaving now and then a sigh,
As among the crowded columns rapidly he glanced his eye.
"Father," suddenly he uttered, looking up as if surprised,
"Do you know that in this paper all our lands are advertised
To be sold in February? Oh, it is a burning shame!
Many a poor man down the valley will be driven from his claim;

Many a poor, hard working fellow, toiling on this
wild frontier,
Nobly struggling with his hardships, laboring on from
year to year,
Thinking that his dear Columbia, for whose glory he
would die,
Surely will his hard earned acres kindly give him,
by and by,
Now will find on his heart's altar his sweet flowers
of belief
Withered, blighted, turned to ashes and his house-
hold come to grief!"
"Yes, my son, it is distressing, and I thank the
God of fate
It is certain honest Lincoln will assume the chair of
State!
Oh, he knows the people's struggles, and I feel con-
vinced he will
Recommend and give his sanction to a liberal Home-
stead Bill!
We are safe, if nothing happens, BURBANK offers for
my grain
More than would suffice to purchase our claim o'er
and o'er again!
DARLING tells me that the threshers, though obstruct-
ed by the snow
At Osakis, will most surely come on in a day or so.

Let us therefore be preparing, and to BARR and BEDMAN speak,
And to CANFIELD and PREFOUNTAIN, for assistance by next week,
And if then our oats shall yield us half the bushels all expect,
At the sale we may be able some poor neighbor to protect.
JESSIE, go and get the Bible, HARRY, son, draw up your chair;
Let us thank our Heavenly Father for his ever constant care."

In the small and silent hours of that same cold, winter night
Stole a form across the timber in the glaring, white moonlight.
On, to RICHARD'S log-built stables stealthily it made its way,
Stables straw-roofed and begirt by stacks of oats and ricks of hay.
Suddenly, above the oat-stacks, leaped a wild and lurid flame!
Oh, a deed so mean and dastard should have crimsoned hell with shame!
In those stables RICHARD'S cattle — firmly fastened by the head,

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

Burned and bellowed, roared and roasted till their tortured spirits fled.
Wakened by the awful roaring of the flames and bellowing stock,
Forth he rushed! Oh, God, how dreadful, wild and stunning was the shock!
Souls of tears and hearts of pity, realize, oh, if you can,
Deep within your inmost feelings, all the ruin of this man!
Ruin of this hopeful spirit, who, but now, with bended head,
Had poured out its love to Heaven, and gone trustingly to bed!
Faith persistent under evil is that virtue's highest grade;
Faith to know the hand that blesses wields for good the lightning's blade;
Faith like this was RICHARD THORNTON'S — in misfortune's darkest day,
Steady, brilliant, undiminished, shone its white celestial ray.
When the first wild shock was over, though it swept him bald and bare,
He convened his little circle, on his altar laid a prayer!
And although completest ruin stared him grimly in the face,

No upbraidings marred his offering to the holy Throne
of Grace.
He reminded not the Father worse than other men
he fared,
But he prayed for greater patience, thanked Him that
their lives were spared!
Prayed that in the hidden future his poor efforts
might be blessed.
Then with quiet resignation once again he sought
his rest.

PART ELEVENTH.

SAD REFLECTIONS—PAT DEEGAN'S LETTER—THE SALE—TRIUMPH OF KING—MANOMIN ARRIVES—"DICK THORNTON IS ALL RIGHT!"—SUMMARY PROCEEDINGS—"BITING BETTY" SINGS AGAIN!!

SAD and tearful were the faces gathered round that morning meal,
Though with sweet contrition humble, stricken, yet, they could but feel.
God of heaven, who would help them? Their kind neighbors were poor, too;
Who would lighten their affliction? What, oh, what were they to do?
"Write to friends," suggested HARRY, friends who live in Syracuse."
"Yes, we will, but I am fearful it will prove of little use.

Business men are cold and cautious, and unless they *see* your need,
Calls for help, howe'er pathetic, they will seldom ever heed!
Still, it is our solemn duty every honest way to try
To retrieve an adverse fortune, passing not the unlikeliest by."
On the Cinder Road was living PATRICK DEEGAN, and his name,
If it did not tell his story, told at once from whence he came.
In the mist of years departed, like a rainbow, stood a day
RICHARD THORNTON had advanced him means to buy a horse and dray.
Oft to him had HARRY written, of their wild but glorious fare,
And of lovely Minnesota's splendid lakes and bracing air,
Of her prairies, starred with flowers, of her forests full of deer,
Of her sweet cascades and rivers, and her fountains, pure and clear;
Unto him, the touching story of their fortunes, so adverse,
In a letter, now did HARRY with simplicity rehearse;

But he did not ask for money, never dreamed that source to try,
Not believing PATRICK DEEGAN ever laid a dollar by.
But as hearts, o'ercharged with sorrow, seeking channels of relief,
In some sympathetic bosom pour a portion of their grief,
In that sense and spirit only, without thought of help the while,
Wrote he to that generous scion of the little Emerald Isle.
Graphic letters RICHARD also wrote to many an eastern friend,
But their answers brought no money his bad prospects to amend.
Meanwhile on Time's rapid current came the dreaded day at hand,
That should dawn upon them homeless, strip them of the cherished land
Where they had, with faithful labor, built and plowed, and fenced and sown,
In their trustful hearts believing it must ever be their own!
When, at last, that wretched morning lengthened into turbid day,
Lo, there came this glorious letter, which had long been on its way:

"Arrah, HARRY, me darlint, yer swate little letther
Came nately to hand on this cowld blissid day;—
I was thrashin' me hans, an a cussin the weather,
An pitying poor Hock, in the shafts of his dray,
When up stips the postman, ould DINNIS MCFRAZES,
Wid the breath on his whiskers like foam on the seas,
An' his frost-bitten nose all as rid as blue blazes
Wid a "'Here, Mister DEEGAN,'s a letther for yees!'"
'Twas too cowld for a job, an was fast gettin cowlder,
So I whistles to Hock, an I jumps on the dray,
"'Och, sure, ye'll not mind, when ye're fifty years owlder,'"
Says I to me conscience, "the loss of this day.'"
So, HARRY, mavourneen, yer folks are in throuble!
Ye're burned out, ye think, by that rascally KING,
May the divil, bad cess to'im, bend him up double,
An in hell's hottest corner his owld carcass fling!
An it's all for the lack of a wee bit of sphilter,
Some two hundred dollars, I'm thinkin ye said,
Ye'd be swept clane and dry, as a tin year owld philter,
Wid never a shingle to cover yer head;—
Och, HARRY, ye sphalpeen, was ye thinkin PAT DEEGAN,
Wid a long woman's stocking-leg chock full of gould,
Could slape in his bid, like owld miserly REEGAN,
While the frinds of his harte were turned out in the cowld?
Not a word now, ye gossoon, I've put up the money,
Jist double ye nades, in a nate little bag,
And up to St. Cloud, by express, to yees, honey,
It will come jist as fast as the buljine can wag!
An I wish, be me sowl, I could come wid it, HARRY,
To make sure, me boy, that it didn't come late,
But I can't, an so hoping it will not miscarry,
I am, Yours,

PATRICK DEEGAN.

Plase acknowledge resate.

Softly down they laid the letter, while a spirit of relief
Sunned away the gloomy shadow of their heavy-hearted grief.
Though this money had not reached them, could not for a fortnight more,
Yet they knew that safely waiting at St. Cloud in BURBANK'S store,
It was subject to their order — forty eagles, all in gold!
Ha! the thought was vivifying — made the drooping spirit bold!
Sure, this tangible assurance, must induce the auctioneer
To forego the sale of their claim till their money reached them here:
"Yes," he said, "if none demand it, thereon hinges everything!"
Sank the mercury of their spirits at the icy thought of KING!
Ah, their fears were but too real, all their efforts proved in vain,
KING exulted o'er them homeless, he had triumphed once again!
And he sent them instant warning that before another day
He would come and take possession, they must move at once away.

Sturdy squatters, grim and scowling, gathered round
in little bands,
Capped with fur and clothed in buckskin, carrying
rifles in their hands!
They were taking anxious council what had best be
done with KING:
Should they hang him, whip him, shoot him, had they
best do anything?
"Well, now, boys," said Uncle DARLING, "I've a
feeling that to-night
Something is ago'n' to happen that will bring this
thing out right!"
At that moment, at the town-house, rose a wild and
ringing shout,
Then another, and another — what were all those
cheers about?
Once again they were repeated, hats flew up into
the air,
What the deuce could be the meaning of such wild
excitement there?
Through the gate-way rushed a neighbor screaming
to them with delight:
"MANOMIN'S come with loads of money! hurrah!
DICK THORNTON is all right!"
ROBERT KING was quickly summoned, 'twas a call
he did not dare
Disobey, and soon the villain came into their presence
there.

"ROBERT KING," said Uncle DARLING, "we have sent for you to come
Here to give up THORNTON'S patent, pledging you three times the sum
That it cost you, will you do it?" — "No, sir, never while I live;
'Twas my right to buy his claim, sir, and no man shall make me give
Cringingly a right my country's sacred laws vouchsafe to me;
Money cannot buy that claim, sir, all your plans are vain, you see."
Jo. JAMES then informed the circle that MANOMIN wished to say
A word or two upon this matter, ere they let KING go away.
Stepping lightly from the circle to the centre forth she stood,
Queenly in her radiant beauty, little empress of the wood!
"Friends and neighbors! a plain story I will tell, brief as I can,
Of the savage misdemeanors and the *crimes* of this bad man:
Years ago, when ESTHER THORNTON was a sweet, unwedded maid,
Presumptuous seige to her affections this persistent villain laid,

And most stormily insisted she should yield and be his wife,
Threatening her, if she refused him, with his hatred all her life.
But she scorned his threats as every brave, true-hearted woman would,
And she married RICHARD THORNTON, first among the pure and good.
After many years of scheming, ventured plots and sore defeats,
Hellish industry succeeded and he turned them in the streets!
Seeking no retaliation for his utter overthrow,
RICHARD THORNTON left the precincts of his mean, inveterate foe—
Foe without a shade of reason, who, to further wreak his hate,
Like a wolf has tracked his victim to this distant frontier state.
In the woods he meets with ESTHER and insults her, but his ear
Tells the story of reprisals made by Uncle DARLING here!
All last summer, RICHARD THORNTON, most persistent, soon and late,
Toiled among the sheaves and winrows, sums of money to create

For the high and noble purpose of maintaining well in hand
Funds, perchance, to help a neighbor, while securing his own land.
One month since I left his dwelling, passed his oat-stacks one by one,
Saw with joy their golden shoulders bare and glistening in the sun!
And his stable full of cattle and his great brown ricks of hay;
How these proofs of his abundance cheered me on my weary way!
Three weeks since, while all were sleeping, stealthily a villain came,
And he wrapt that wealth collective in one great, consuming flame:
And an Indian says, who saw him, that this man, this fiend, this thing,
Who so causeless spoiled a neighbor was this villain, ROBERT KING!"
What a fierce wild shout of anger round that listening circle ran,
And a dozen gleaming rifles straight were leveled at the man!
But MANOMIN into order quickly waved them with her hand,
Magic-like she quelled the feelings of that roused, excited band.

At her sign a sprightly Indian promptly stepped into the ring —

"Neighbors, this is BUNGEE-WAUPOSE, he it was who witnessed KING

Do that dreadful deed of arson, for which crime men often die" —

"'Tis a lie!" screamed KING in terror, "'tis a weak and wicked lie!"

DARLING stopped him and MANOMIN quietly began again:

BUNGEE-WAUPOSE speaks no English, thinking that he should not gain

Any credit by attempting what he could not render clear,

He at once set out to meet me, and we made forced marches here!

I arrived, and quickly learning RICHARD'S claim to KING was sold,

Sent and offered thrice the purchase to that bad man there, in gold.

But you heard him scorn the offer, heard him vaunting of his right!

Oh, his right to burn the substance of a neighbor in the night!

He has forced poor RICHARD THORNTON twice to drain grief's bitter cup,

Now, my neighbors, all I ask is, make him give that patent up!"

Scarcely had she ceased, ere DARLING, reaching forth
his brawny hand,
Roughly seized KING by the collar — "Now, then,
villian, we *demand,*
Without slightest compensation, that you give to
THORNTON, here,
What is his, or else, by Heaven! we will make it
cost you dear!"
"Do your worst, I do not fear you!" — "All right,
Mister BOBBY KING!
Bring a rope, BARR, quicker 'n lightnin', and we 'll
see about this thing!"
The rope was brought and noosed about him, o'er a
beam one end was flung,
By the neck, before he knew it, high the struggling
victim hung.
In a moment more they dropped him, dizzy, strangled,
and half blind;
Ah, this summary proceeding quickly changed the
rascal's mind;
For his ear had caught the order: "Up again, boys,
pull away!"
"Men!" he cried, "hold on for God's sake! I will
do whate'er you say!"
"All right, boys, bring out a table, and a pen and
inkstand, too;
Now, sir, sign this patent over, that is all we want
of you."

Down he sat while angry tremors, like an ague, shook
his frame,
And he formed a hellish purpose as he calmly wrote
his name.
"ROBERT KING, said Uncle DARLING, as he rose
to go away,
"Stop a moment, for this council has another word
to say:
In two days you are required Douglas County, sir,
to leave;
If the third day finds you lingering, punishment you
will receive;
On the fourth day, any person, red or white, about
this town
Is commissioned, if he meets you, like a dog to shoot
you down!"
KING passed out all grim and silent, not a word had
he to say—
Then across the lake to JAMES' nearly all adjourned
straightway,
There to have a wild reunion, songs and dancing,
fun and beer
Over RICHARD'S change of fortune, just as ruin seem-
ed so near.
But MANOMIN and the THORNTONS at the town-house
stayed behind
To partake a bounteous supper, and with brimming,
joyful mind

They drew up around the table, and discussed what seemed to be
A most strange and providential foiling of their enemy.

Uncle DARLING started homeward through the woods a nearer way —
"Ah, what's that?" A long dark object, stretched behind a log-heap, lay!
Boldly outlined on the white snow 'neath a full moon's golden glare,
"'Tis a man! 'tis KING, by Heaven! what's the rascal doing there?"
DARLING crouched behind a tree-root, bared by tempest in its wrath,
By and by there came the THORNTONS and MANOMIN down the path.
See! KING moves, his leveled rifle bears on RICHARD THORNTON'S brain!
A flash, a crash! ah, lifeless villain, *"Biting Betty" sang again!*

PART TWELFTH.

MANOMIN'S ACCOUNT OF HER JOURNEY—STARTLING SPIRIT MESSAGES—THE OUTBREAK OF THE REBELLION—HARRY, THE PATRIOT.

ROUND the hearth of RICHARD THORNTON sunny
hearts rejoiced once more;
In the grave of KING was buried all their appre-
hensions, sore,
And about their cheerful fire they have gathered
now, to hear
All that happened to MANOMIN in those thirty days
of fear.
But her story was a brief one: She had found her
father dead
When she reached the termination of her journeying,
she said;
All his furs and goods to BOLIEAUX by her order
then, were sold,
Many thousand dollars bringing, which was paid to
her in gold.

"Then, with sense of trouble weighing sad and heavy
on my heart —
Trouble to my living dear ones — with my money
I did start;
And one morning BUNGEE-WAUPOSE met and told
me of the deed
That had robbed you of your substance — how I
urged my guides to speed!
Every day I fought the snow-drifts, and at night
would sit and cry
At the slowness of my progress! How I longed
for wings to fly!
And with joy and apprehension how my throbbing
heart did swell
When I saw the town-house chimneys! This is all
I have to tell.
Now, my darling foster-father — best among all men
I've known —
Use this money I have brought you, freely, as it
were your own.
Send to generous PATRICK DEEGAN twice the sum
he loaned to you,
As a meet reward for friendship, which is rarely
found so true.
Not a word, now, father THORNTON, for I owe you
this, and more —"
Here a heavy rapping sounded loudly on the outer
door.

HARRY rose and swung it open; on its threshold calmly stood
That strange presence of the Hollow, silent GAFFER of the wood!
"Peace to all within this dwelling!" in a kindly tone he said,
"Lo, I bear a message to you from the régions of the dead!
Dead to every low desire, dead to all that is not right,
But alive to love and brotherhood, to wisdom and to light!
Let us sit around this table, and a moment join our hands,
There are hosts of spirits hovering from the inner, brighter lands!"
All drew up around the table but in RICHARD THORNTON'S eyes
Shone a look of incredulity and wondering surprise.
He had never been to GAFFER'S nor had ever given ear
To the mystifying stories told about him far and near,
Until HARRY'S strange experience taught him possibly there might
Be laws in God's economy he did not know aright.
Scarcely had they formed the circle ere some sturdy raps were heard,

Then a strain of forest music, like the warbling of a bird;
Then the table mounted upward, as if from the floor repelled,
Next the name of MARY WARREN by the alphabet was spelled!
"Oh my God!" said ESTHER'S father, pale and trembling, "can it be
MARY WARREN — my own MARY — is within this room with me?"
"Yes, oh yes, ERASTUS WARREN, I am MARY, your own wife!"
Said a soft voice close behind him — "and though in the inner life,
I am with you every moment, for the day is near at hand
When you, too, my dear companion, will be added to our band.
Do not think the spirit's heaven is away in realms afar,
In a walled up golden city, or in some bright distant star.
Heaven is Love, and Love is God, and God is here and everywhere,
Hence 'tis natural that our heaven should be where our dear ones are!
With what longing I have waited for this blessed hour to come,

Ere you crossed the dreaded valley, to inform you
of your home;
Of your home of love eternal, home of wisdom and
of light,
Where, your earthly errors spurning, you will read
God's laws aright!
You will learn that every evil is the body's attribute;
With the body that it perishes as perishes the brute!
And the qualities immortal, such as fellowship and
love,
Are the only things the spirit takes along with it
above!
Oh, we have no use for envy, have no need of hate
or pride,
Lying, jealousy, or selfishness, or evil, else, beside,
And having then no need of them, oh, does it not
seem plain—
As God ne'er made a useless thing, or gave a useless
pain—
They should fall with falling matter—being of and
for the earth,
Not arising with the spirit to its brighter, higher
birth.
See the caterpillar creeping on its belly in the dirt,
Feeding on decaying matter,—by repulsiveness be-
girt;
Mark the butterfly—its spirit—how it mounts on
wings away,

Nestling down within the flowers, sipping honey all the day;
Shut your eyes against this lesson, oh obdurate hearted men,
Let your Chinese wall of prejudice keep truth without, and then
Learn too late, if truth and wisdom in the body be not sought,
If the "golden rule" and charity on earth be not outwrought,
As a penalty, your spirits will be naked, weak, and poor,
When your guardians kindly bear you to this love-lit angel shore;
And each one in ways of loveliness be long a puny thing,
Wanting years to reach its God-head. Thus it is with ROBERT KING,
Who is here, too weak to manifest — and wishes me to say
That through ignorance and prejudice his life was thrown away;
And the high and noble lessons in his sinfulness he spurned,
Under many disadvantages now slowly must be learned;
That his dark and stormy passions did not know this second birth —

They are buried with his body in the bosom of the earth —
Yet their mem'ries blot his spirit like a moth-patch or a stain,
So he comes to ask forgiveness, for the many hours of pain
He has caused you, RICHARD, ESTHER, and each one within this room, —
Oh, he sees he is forgiven, swiftly vanishes his gloom!
Brighter glows the God within him, wild with joy his pulses dance!
O'er the bright celestial highway swiftly now will he advance!
By and by, returning earthward, you will find him strong and bright,
Purged of all self-condemnation, hallowed by Eternal Right!
He will often stand beside you — though so distant seems this shore —
And will give you love and guidance where he gave you hate before!
As the clock ticks off the seconds, so remorseless, one by one,
You will all come dropping homeward when your primal life is done.
You will then behold how different is the great creative plan

From the narrow, cramped conceptions of materialistic man.
You will learn that every erring soul on sin's wild ocean tossed
Safe in God's conservatory moors at last where naught is lost!
You will learn that the aspirings of the selfish sons of earth,
Pride of wealth, and place, and title, and aristocratic birth,
Are mere wallowings in the mire — all unworthy the great prize
That awaits you in God's mansions, in the bosom of the skies!
There, at last, I'm sure to greet you, on those ever verdant lawns!
So, good night, have faith and patience, till your day of promise dawns!"

Quickly passed the broken winter to that happy household, there,
All their joys were pure and perfect, not a harsh word or a care
Ever ribbed with gloomy wrinkles the calm forehead of their peace!
Indeed, their sum of happiness seemed daily to increase.

But at last that charm was broken by a shock that shook the world!
A tempest flight of treason's shells from rebel cannon hurled!
And Columbia's cry for armies, from old Sumpter's battered wall,
And the thundering tread of millions answering to that clarion call!
On the flashing wings of lightning, through the arteries of the mail,
To the nation's farthest corners flew the wild, exciting tale!
From the workshop and the furrow, from the warehouse and the strand,
From the cities and the forests men were hurrying, gun in hand;
From Oregon's wild mountains, and from California's mines
Hosts of large-lunged, brawny patriots came to swell the loyal lines!
All the land was hung with banners! from tall masts and taller spires,
From roofs and windows, cliffs and poles, forth flamed those altar fires!
Ah, this national uprising was a spectacle so vast,
All wonder-struck and motionless the world looked on aghast!

The poor slave's millennial morning dawned at length
upon his sight!
Struck forever from his horizon was slavery's wretch-
ed night!
Gross forms and base conditions went staggering to
their fall,
And an era, bright and shining, full of blessings unto
all,
By High Heaven's Great Sanhedrim was decreed
the very day
Rebel cannon rang the curtain up on treason's tragic
play!
To the listening circle HARRY read the news that
April night,
And a sense of sure bereavement made their hearts
grow still and white.
For they saw a noble purpose shining forth in every
line
And lineament of that brave boy's heroic face di-
vine!
One bugle-blast had snatched him up, crowned with
iron his fair brow,
Built a wall of steel between them, he was all his
country's now!
But they murmured not at laying even him, their
only boy,
Their bright glory of the present, their perspective's
calmer joy,

On the altar of their country, trusting Him, whose care profound,
Noteth even every little bird that falleth to the ground!
Still, a painful silence settled on those hearts, but now so bright;
One by one they bade each other then a kind yet sad good night!
Poor MANOMIN sought her little room, and shutting to the door,
In one swift wild rush of agony sank sobbing to the floor!
Alas, poor lonely wild wood flower, her heart, that had so late
Been rendered by the touch of death so void and desolate,
Had warmed again beneath the sun of HARRY'S genial eyes;
And, oh, he filled and spanned that heart as rainbows do the skies!
Alas, poor lone MANOMIN, she knew no youth like him
Could for a moment sit at ease when treason, armed and grim,
Sat at the door-ways of our land, with insults, taunts and sneers,
And robbed and burned steamboats and trains, like filthy buccaneers!

She felt within her inmost soul that he, with purpose strongly set,
Would rest not till in loyal lines the sun gleamed on his bayonet!
"And, oh, how many must be killed! Great God above me, must I feel
This flower goeth from my heart to be cut down by Southern steel?
Oh, those lists of killed and wounded! how we all shall dread to read!
Lest hearts we *now* think desolate, *shall be desolate indeed!*"
Morning dawned, and every riser, as they came into the room,
Saw a little sight that saddened, deeper still, their spirit's gloom:
It was only HARRY'S *rifle standing up beside the door,*
And a little bundle lying at its breech upon the floor!

PART THIRTEENTH.

THE MOWERS—THE RACE—UNCLE DARLING AHEAD—JESSIE AND HER GRANDFATHER—HARRY'S LETTER CONCERNING THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

'Twas an early July morning, fresh and cool the dew-drops hung,
Bending down the heavy meadow-grass, where scythe-stones gaily rung,
And sturdy brown armed mowers laid the wild thick harvest low,
With such ease and grace of motion that it seemed but play to mow!
With an even stroke the mowers swung their scythes at easy pace,
Till at length some boastful whetstone rang a challenge for a race!
With firm lip and swelling muscles grandly swayed each lithe form then,
And the merest boys among them stoutly played the part of men.

Uncle DARLING, from the centre — with wide swarth
and forward tread —
One by one cut round the mowers, till he came far
out ahead;
And, with rollicking good nature, wiped the sweat
from off his face,
Slily asking if the "chap was lost that started that
'ar race?"
ESTHER'S father bore the luncheon and the water to
the field;
But his sinews were not strong enough the manly
scythe to wield;
Though on this very morning long and well the rake
he plied,
Till wearied out, he tottered home, his strength most
sorely tried.
He bathed his face, and JESSIE, dusting off his easy
chair,
Clambering fondly up beside him, gently combed his
silvery hair.
"Oh, grandpa, don't you wonder now, where HARRY
is to-day?
Has he really gone to kill some one, or is it only
play?
And do you think they'd kill him, too? Oh, that
would be so sad —
Why is it, grandpa, that some folks will always be
so bad?

It seems to me, if I was God, I don't believe I would
Let folks be born, unless I knew they surely would be good!"
Then moistening her finger-tips upon her little tongue,
She curled his pliant locks and said, "Now, grandpa, you look young!
I wonder if you'll have white hair away up in the sky?
Wait, wait! hold still! I think I see a winker in your eye!"
With corner of her pinafore, twirled round, with tender care,
She wiped away, with gentle touch, the irritating hair.
Then laid her little damask cheek against his wrinkled face,
And round his neck entwined her arms in silent, fond embrace.
Strong voices roused her, she looked up, "See, grandpa, only see!—
Here come the men! 'tis not yet noon! What can the matter be?"
MANOMIN, who had seen them too, came forth with blanching cheek—
"Oh, have you heard bad news from *him?*—speak, father THORNTON, speak!"

"No, no, my child, we've only heard a battle has been fought,
In which our army did not do the valiant deeds it ought.
That after they had fairly won the honors of the day,
They suddenly, in panic, fled, flinging their arms away!
The Minnesota boys were there — but here, I think, you'll find
A letter from the lad whose fate just now disturbed your mind.
And here is one for mother, too — now all draw round about,
We'll hear what HARRY has to say about this shameful rout."
MANOMIN had her letter clutched and, waiting for no more,
Gone fairly flying to her room, and promptly locked the door.
We'll leave her with her beating heart, and face blanched white as snow,
And hear the letter RICHARD, now, is reading down below: —
"I am writing to you, mother, on this sultry July night,
To assure you of my safety, and to tell you of the fight:

For the horrors of that struggle who more vividly
can tell
Than one who faced that storm of lead and hurricane
of shell?
'Twas a glorious, silv'ry Sunday and the morning's
spicy breath
Gave no warning to the many soon to be baptized
in death!
For sweet peace herself, seemed dwelling in the
silent foliage green,
And from each shining blade of grass to be smiling
so serene,
That it really did not seem, mother, amid so *much*
of life,
We should all so soon be facing old grim Death in
mortal strife!
As we wound along the valleys, over spreading fields,
and farms,
How the lovely landscape twinkled with the glitter
of our arms!
Filing up the sloping hill-sides, threading some long,
deep ravine,
With our bayonets all gleaming, — — 'twas indeed a
splendid scene!
Oh, there seemed to be such power in our firm'
united tread —
In our hands a freeman's weapon, and a just God
overhead —

That it did not make me wonder when was heard
the opening gun
To hear our brave boys' answering cheers! The
battle had begun!
Oh, my mother, had you seen us as we moved across
the field!
Vainly, proudly, fondly dreaming that the foe would
quickly yield,
You, too, would have caught the quickening that in-
spired MEAGHER'S braves
*When they flung away their garments, and went rush-
ing to their graves!*
Brave, iron-hearted HEINTZLEMAN soon swept along,
where rose
Thick wreaths of smoke above the trees that hid
our wary foes;
Gallant BURNSIDE'S men responded with a wild and
ringing shout,
As their glittering line of battle they flung quickly,
fiercely out!
And uniting with brave PORTER and the generous,
loyal SPRAGUE,
Swept the rebels to destruction, like the besom of
a plague!
Then swiftly, through that fire and flame, way out
upon the right,
By MILLER led, *our* gallant boys went cheering to
the fight!

I can scarcely tell you, mother, as the first, fierce
storm of lead
Came whistling through our solid ranks, or hurtling
overhead,
Of my spirit's wild sensations, or the throbs my
pulses made,
And though it seemed like fear, mother, yet I did not
feel afraid!
It is true, my heart a moment, just a moment, ceased
to beat,
As we bent before the opening storm of furious leaden
sleet;
It is true I dodged a little, and a moment held my
breath
As the bullets whizzed above me, but it was not fear
of death;
'Twas the instinct that God gives us to avoid the
fatal stroke —
But I lost it, in a moment, 'mid the battle's flame
and smoke,
And my heart at once responded to our gallant leader's
call:
"'Be steady, boys! close up the ranks whene'er your
comrades fall!'"
Just then the Black Horse Cavalry charged fiercely
on our flank —
But, ah! the bloody wine of death full many a rider
drank!

They paused and turned, then fled, and formed, and once again they came,
But all in vain, they could *not live* before our deadly aim!
And hotter, fiercer than before, the wild fight raged around, —
Identity, itself, seemed lost amid the dreadful sound!
But we fought on bravely, mother, till arose the cheering cry:
"'Hurrah, hurrah, brave, loyal hearts! the beaten rebels fly!'"
Then with cheers all forward springing how we made those woods resound!
And, like sheep, the frightened rebels went flying o'er the ground!
But there came a check, a halting, and we *heard a distant drum!*
Saw clouds of dust, a cry arose that JOHNSTON'S *men had come!!*
At first there came an anxious pause, then confidence seemed lost —
Then *panic,* wild, resistless spread among our loyal host!
The brave and dauntless HEINTZLEMAN rode back and forth in vain!
Those terror-stricken, broken lines could not be formed again!

It was a painful sight to see those men, who, true and good,
The whole fierce shock of rebel arms so lately had withstood,
Now turn their backs upon their foes, abandon every gun,
Throw down their arms and leave the field upon an abject run!
But naught could stem that shameful tide, resistless it rolled on,
And swept across Potomac's bridge and into Washington!
The gallant dead and wounded ones were left just where they fell;
Oh, would to God I did not have this shameful truth to tell!
I grieved enough while marching back at close of that sad day,
To see, all round, the signs of flight, the *debris* of the fray!
Spectators' hacks and tumbrils lay all shivered on the ground!
And guns and pistols, hats and coats, were thickly strewn around!
But all of these might well be spared, aye more than treble these,
To purchase one poor, wounded man a single hour of ease.

Or have placed our dead with honor, in a grave
their valor won,
With their starry flag above them, bravely waving
in the sun!
But their battles are all over, they have laid their
muskets down,
And across the shining river each has taken up a
crown!
They are gathered with God's children, in the pearly
courts above,
Weaving garlands of nepenthe in the starry looms
of love!
They are treading paths of glory in the endless sea
of spheres,
Where no earthly computations can denominate the
years!
Our neighborhood has lost but one — BILL ARM-
STRONG, "Stuttering Bill,"
Whose death, I know, with sad regrets, each neigh-
bor's heart will fill.
'Twas just before the rout, and he was fighting by
my side,
A grape-shot struck him, and he sank, without a
groan, and died.
Brave "Stuttering Bill," no truer heart e'er rushed
into the fray!
No purer patriot gave his life for Freedom on that
day!

Who, think you, that I saw among brave MEAGHER'S
headlong boys —
Whose ringing cheers arose above the battle's deafening noise?
Why, PATRICK DEEGAN, to be sure — God's blessing
on his head —
You should have seen him charging through those
fearful storms of lead!
He recognized me on the field, though swiftly rushing by,
And called out, "'HARRY, are ye there? God kape
yees, me brave b'y!'"
GAFFER asks to be remembered. Let me say for
him, just here,
He is bravery incarnate, knows no sentiment of fear;
Watches o'er me like a father, shares my tent, my
couch and mess,
And my slightest hint of illness seems to put him
in distress.
Love to all the dear ones, mother; tell MANOMIN
I shall write
To her, too, before retiring. Bless you, mother, and
good night!"

PART FOURTEENTH.

RECORD OF THE WAR—HARRY'S LETTER DESCRIBING THE BATTLE OF WILLIAMSBURG.

Oh, parents, you whose sons have gone forth from
your hearthstone's light,
Clothed with your love and prayers and tears, to
battle for the right,
Who can appreciate like you the hopes, the fears,
the joys,
That are awakened in your breasts by letters from
your boys?
Oh, maidens, with your loves in camps, you whom
battles fill with gloom,
Weep and laugh with poor MANOMIN in the quiet
of her room.
How she fed upon that letter! How, beneath its
magic power
Did her heart burst into blossom, as the sun unfolds
a flower!

She read it and re-read it o'er, kissed it, and again
she read,
Bore it in her bosom all the day, at night, beneath
her head,
Would lay upon it and would dream of hearing rifles
roar,
And wake and tremble with a fear of seing *him* no
more!

The war waged on and armies grew and blows fell
thick on every hand,
By sea, by shore, in swamp, and glade, the shock of
battles shook the land.
The bloody day at Wilson's Creek, where brave, true-
hearted LYON fell,
And that fierce fight at Lexington, where MULLIGAN
behaved so well,
The crimson mem'ries of Ball's Bluff, where sainted
BAKER calmly died,
And the red record of Belmont, where rebel numbers
were defied,
The fierce, wild fight in Beaufort Bay, where old
New England's valiant sons
To South Car'lina's recreant knaves taught loyalty
with Dahlgren guns;
The Drainsville triumphs, and the fights at Middle
and at Silver Creek,

Where GARFIELD won and TORRENCE made the frightened rebels cover seek;
Mill Spring, where Minnesota boys piled up the traitors on the snow,
Where Ninth Ohio bravely fought and FRY laid ZOLLIKOFFER low,
Fort Henry and Fort Donelson, where western valor brightly shone,
And Roanoke, with all its forts, and North Car'lina's coast our own,
The struggle with the "Merrimac," that made all Europe's navies reel
And shriek to see the age of wood go down before the age of steel;
Pea Ridge, where SIGEL saved the day and BEN. MCCULLOUGH justly bled,
And Newbern's sanguinary fight, where noble BURNSIDE bravely led;
And SHIELDS' wild strife at Winchester, where brightly shone Ohio men,
And POPE'S bold engineering scheme, that gave us Island Number Ten,
And Pittsburg Landing's bloody fray, and New Orleans' great naval fight,
That filled all Europe with dismay, and all our country with delight;
And Fort Pulaski's ragged rents, fierce work to be so quickly done,

That showed the world how forts will melt before a single Parrott gun —
All these wi d doings filled the land, and kept excitement's life alive,
Yet, discontented murmurs rose, like buzzings from an angry hive.
Some blamed some praised, all grumbled loud and all some little fault would find —
Oh, may God bless the patriot man, that battles with contented mind!
Full many a letter HARRY wrote while prone in idleness he lay
In front of Yorktown, but at last the word was: "Strike the tents to-day!"
Keen LEE had drawn his forces off as silent as an evening wind
And left MCCLELLAN, cautiously, to feel his way along behind!
But "Little MACK" had glorious stuff in that great, splendid army there —
Impetuous men, but brave withal, and quick to do, and bold to dare,
Who would not let the rebels' heels grow cool, when fairly on the track,
Although MCCLELLAN might be left, they did not care what distance back!
And presently the country rang with a great victory's trumpet sound —

"Hurrah! hurrah, for Williamsburg!" the million
echoes flung around.
Again, in RICHARD THORNTON'S circle, anxious dread
and palsying fear
Made them all averse to hearing, yet most wretched
not to hear.
Minnesota's loss was fearful, every one they met
had said —
What if then their darling HARRY, what, oh what, if
he were dead?
But one morning came a neighbor, and, amid a burst
of tears,
They perused this noble letter, which at once relieved
their fears: —

"With the drums of victory sounding and the woods
with shouts resounding,
Mingled with the mournful patter of the black and
dismal rain,
I am sitting here, all weary, in this stormy midnight
dreary,
Writing home to you, dear mother, and MANOMIN,
once again.
Oh, my brain is wild with battle; still my senses
seem to rattle
With the volleys of the rifles, and the tumult of the
fray,

And the cannons' awful thunder, rending heaven and earth asunder,
Pouring out their deadly missiles, swiftly sweeping life away!
Peace! be still, my ruffled being, calm, my inward sense of seeing,
While I tell two souls expectant of the glories we have won;
And our brave boys' deeds of valor, and the ghastly looks of pallor
On the rebel chieftains' faces when the chivalry all run!
Oh, we whipped the rascals roundly, beat them fairly, thrashed them soundly,
As their list of killed and wounded, and their missing ones will tell,
As will our brave heroes lying stabbed and mangled, dead and dying,
Along the line where HOOKER for eight hours fought so well;
And where BERRY'S Michiganders, like a swarm of salamanders,
Rushing through the line of fire, fell like lightning on the foe,
And where resistless BIRNEY and the lion-hearted KEARNEY
Swept a swarm of ragged rebels to the gloomy gulf below!

How will shine the future's story with the burning deeds of glory
Of Colonel DWIGHT'S "Excelsior," and old Massachusetts' sons
Under BLAISDELL, wildly storming, through the forest fiercely swarming,
Singing dirges to those rebels with the voices of their guns!
And the brave men PECK was leading — Death's wild summons never heeding,
All the day, by fiercely fighting, held a crimsoned grove of pines,
Until HANCOCK'S heroes, turning, with set teeth and eye-balls burning,
Burst with steel and flame and bullet on the yelling rebel lines!
Oh, that charge! 'twas brilliant, splendid, and the contest quickly ended,
And shook the tree of treason from its roots unto its crown
With a hurricane's wild power, sweeping, in a sudden shower,
Hosts of withered, blighted "'butternuts'" in utter ruin down!
Now the furious struggle finished, and excitement's heat diminished,
How the tired heroes slumber on the wet and muddy ground!

All but those, whose torches glaring through the
woods are kindly caring
For our dead and wounded brothers, lying thickly
strewn around.
Oh, my mother, *after* battle, when the volleys cease
to rattle,
And no more is heard the shouting, or the stirring
roll of drums,
When the mind is, for a season, gently swayed again
by reason,
In the void, oppressive midnight, when reflection's
hour comes,
How my heart aches for the dying, and the badly
wounded, lying
Stark and helpless groaning, moaning in their pain,
upon the ground.
And I think how each one's mother, father, sister,
or a brother,
Or perhaps a still more *dear one,* would be smitten
by the sound!
Oh, this killing one another is most wretched business,
mother!
It is fearful to behold us fiercely shoot each other
down;
And I'm sure the angels o'er us — blessed friends
who've gone before us —
And the merciful All-father, must regard it with a
frown.

Yet, as often as reflection turns upon the South's defection,
On her long and secret plotting to destroy the nation's life,
On her fierce, high-handed measures, seizing forts, and ships and treasures,
On her foolish, mad ambition to inaugurate the strife;
Then, I own, against the traitors — those red-handed violators
Of the peace of all our firesides — the authors of this war —
Who, without a provocation, stabbed a mild and lovely nation
With most murderous intentions, never knowing what 'twas for,
That my heart, all hot and flushing, with combative torrents rushing,
Rises fiercely, without thinking of war's woes and wild alarms;
And then, to put them under, I would hurl all heaven's thunder,
Or gulf them with an earthquake, or call the world to arms!
Champions of a cursed dogma! chivalrous, if love of grog may
With the world pass current for that questionable grace;

Tramplers on a brother human! base defilers of black
women!
How I scorn you, pompous braggarts, how detest your
empty race!
I must close my letter, mother; for, you know, there
is one other,
One dear one who would sorrow if I should fail
to write
To her, whose presence gleaming, illuminates my
dreaming,
As I slumber round the fire in the silent camp at
night!
God keep that dear one, mother; may you always
love each other,
As I shall ever love you both through eternity's long
day!
And that God will kindly bless you, that no trouble
may distress you,
And we may meet once more on earth, your son will
ever pray."

PART FIFTEENTH.

THE CAMP AT NIGHT—HARRY ON GUARD—"HALT! WHO COMES THERE?"—GAFFER ENTRANCED—MESSAGE FROM THE SPIRIT OF A SOLDIER!

ROUND and full the moon ascended, o'er the hill tops mounting high,
Pouring floods of glory earthward through the deep, blue cloudless sky.
Not a breath of air was stirring, all the landscape glowed with heat,
While, with watchful sense of duty, HARRY THORNTON paced his beat.
Air and tree and field were silent; nothing, save the muffled tramp
Of the sentries and relief guard broke the stillness of the camp.
HARRY was serenely happy; letters had arrived that day
From his parents and MANOMIN, long detained upon the way.

All were well — had got his letters — prayed for him
by day and night —
Grandpa felt so proud of HARRY — read his letters
with delight —
"Thoughts of eighteen'-twelve would kindle his old
face, and knit his brow;
He was then a brave young soldier, just as is his
HARRY now!"
Then MANOMIN'S tender missive fell upon his heart
like dew;
All simplicity and frankness, trustful, passionate and
true.
How her being yearned to clasp him — yearned to
mingle with his life,
Yearned to form that perfect oneness — truly mated
"*Man-and-Wife!*"
Then what wonder he was happy, truly loved by
such a maid,
In return most truly loving — naught suspected,
naught afraid!
Or that his rapt spirit, flying with the speed of glanc-
ing light,
Sought MANOMIN'S little chamber, as he paced his
beat that night?
All her warm and ardent kisses rose unto his lips
again,
And his veins glowed with soft fire, and his heart
ached with love's pain!

Then her love flowed through his being like the incense of pure wine —
"Halt! Who comes there?" "Relief!" "Advance, relief. Give the countersign!"
'Twas the guard that every sentry joys to know is drawing near;
Sweeter music than their tramping falls not on his listening ear.
Toward his tent did HARRY hasten — pray what meant the gathered throng?
Something strange must be transpiring! Listen, what a wild, sweet song!
Full a hundred awe-struck soldiers in a circle, sat around;
GAFFER, 'tranced, was in the centre, standing upright on the ground.
HARRY learned, upon enquiring, that, since fall of early eve,
Witchful things had been progressing, hard for senses to believe —
Drums were beaten, trumpets sounded, cymbals jarred upon the ear,
When all knew no drum or trumpet, neither cymbals were there near.
Lights had blazed from GAFFER'S body — voices, calling men by names,
Had been heard, and several soldiers saw, within a wreath of flames

The calm features of a comrade that had fallen in the fight,
Heard him say, "How are you, fellows?" then he vanished in the night!
Hands had travelled round the circle, stroking each upon the head,
When a band of unseen voices broke into a song, they said.
"Fellow-soldiers" — hark, 'tis GAFFER, in his trance state speaking, now;
See! his eyes are closed, and softly a pale light plays round his brow!
"Fellow-soldiers, all the lessons taught by earth's profoundest sage,
All the wonderful experiences from childhood to old age,
All the store houses of learning prized by wise ones of the earth,
Are as nothing to the lessons of this death and second birth!
I will give you my experience and 'twill answer for you all: —
In the struggle at Winchester I was wounded by a ball;
Stunned and dizzy on the instant I sank helpless to the ground,
While the warm blood trickled swiftly from the deep and fatal wound.

In a moment more my senses were restored to me as clear
As I ever had possessed them, and I lay there without fear.
I knew that I was wounded, badly wounded, it might be,
But thoughts of dying from that wound did not occur to me.
The battlefield, with all its noise, swam gently out of view,
And scenes of home, and boyhood days, and deeds my childhood knew,
Came drifting sweetly through my mind while there, without a pain,
I lay, and thought of friends I'd see when I were well again!
Sweet flowed the current of my thoughts, and peaceful as the deep,
When not a zephyr stirs abroad, I sank away to sleep!
Anon I wakened, and beheld sweet faces beaming round!
I stood erect!—no longer faint and bleeding on the ground!
"'Why, how is this?'" amazed I cried, "'Oh did it only seem
That I was wounded, or am I *now* cheated by a dream?'"

Then looking downward to my feet I saw my body lie
With white, stark face and rigid limbs, and glazed and glaring eye!
Ah, then the truth that I had passed away from things of earth —
Had crossed the dismal vale of Death, and found the second birth —
Came pouring like a flood of light through all my soul and sense,
And friends, long gone, now thronged around and ended all suspense!
'Twas hard, indeed, to realize the fact that I had died —
There bent the sky, there waved the trees, along the river side,
Here were my hands, my feet, my limbs, my body, and my head,
All clothed, erect and full of life! oh, no, I was not dead!
Still, I had passed the dread ordeal, had drained the fearful cup,
There lay my musket and I tried but could not take it up!
I saw my friends, and thousands more bright ones I did not know
Move freely through the ambient air where'er they chose to go!

Now high among the fleecy clouds, now down amid the trees,
Now flying swift and straight through space, like ship before a breeze!
Oh, then a longing filled my soul to try a starward flight,
When instantly I rose in air, 'mid burnings of delight!
I drifted o'er the battlefield, where yet, in fearful strife,
Stood ranks of men with sole intent to take each other's life!
I watched the stricken, as they fell, and saw the process, grand: —
The body's death, the spirit's birth into this happy land!
The wild, bewildered, puzzled look as each his form surveyed,
Or turned his glance on field and grove, or where his body laid,
The gathering friends, the fond embrace, the joy, replacing fear —
These are the first experiences of all on coming here!
When in my body, gun in hand, so willing to take life,
I little thought that overhead, spectators of the strife,

Hung millions of celestial ones with sadness in each soul,
To see man on his fellow man such tides of hatred roll!
And as I, too, hung o'er the field — made wise by my new birth —
My being wept at what I was and what I did on earth!
Then came a wiser one, and said, "'Be all your grief dissolved;
From out this fiery storm of war shall Wisdom be evolved!
Behold the sun, now shining down o'er river, sea, and land;
How green the trees, how soft the air, the prospect, oh, how grand;
But, o'er you ocean's vast expanse behold the mists arise,
Sucked upward by this shining sun to darken all the skies;
Behold the heated air ascend o'er many miles of space,
While yonder, from the frigid poles, to take its vacant place,
Comes, charged with cold and thunder-bolts, the north wind, sweeping strong,
And o'er these peaceful scenes will burst in fearful strength ere long!

But when the angry storm has passed and shines the sun again,
The tree feels stronger for the blast and greener glows the plain!
'Tis so with man — success in life, prosperity and peace —
To feel his power and wealth and fame day after day increase —
Begets a grasping selfishness within his hardening heart,
That leads him to desire to seize a weaker brother's part.
This done then arrogance is born of such unjust success
And year by year does he contrive more victims to oppress;
Until, at length, *Harmonious Law,* infracted, once too far,
Asserts its potency, and lo! the land is filled with war!
But when its crimson tide has ebbed, its furious strength is spent,
The moral mind will treasure well the lesson that was meant!
And learn to know, as little drops wear out the granite fast,
So, envy, selfishness, and pride will lead to war at last!'"

He ceased, and swiftly I was drawn along a gleaming line
To where reposed, in slumber deep, a love that yearned for mine!
Her fair young face reflected forth her soul's deep dream of joy,
Her spirit rose to my embrace — she clasped her soldier boy!
But all in vain! her waking sense was powerless to impart
That story of her spirit's feast to her enhungered heart!
For though to all we may draw near, as freely as we will,
That few are subject to control must be remembered still.
The how and why that this is so to me is not yet plain;
A wiser one is waiting here, these riddles to explain.
My soul is filled with joy and love to know, that out of strife,
I have emerged to glorious day, to sure, immortal life!
We have a fine, ethereal world, encircling earth around,
Where spreading fields, and flowery meads, and groves and lakes abound!

Where music breathes in every sound and fragrance loads the air;
Where graceful trees profusely yield the flowing robes we wear!
Let not these truths be shut away by doubt's obscuring wings,
You only have the grosser forms, we have the soul of things!
Behold the lillies of the field! no prince, in all his pride,
Was e'er arrayed in robes so rich, so delicately dyed!
Whence come your silks? from little worms! Your linens? from a weed!
Your woolens? from a creature's back! Oh, wonderful indeed!
Whence come the luscious fruits you eat, the water that you drink?
The air you breathe, the birds, the flowers? Oh, doubter, stop and think!
Can God, from whom *all* blessings flow, so good and potent *here,*
Come short, in all his attributes and powers in *our* sphere?
Oh, no, the wonders multiply as *upward* you ascend!
And extacies and forms of bliss seem truly without end!

God gives with an unsparing hand and every soul, that will,
At all the fountains of His love may freely take its fill!
Then fear not death, oh, fellow-men, no hell awaits you here
Except the hell you bring from earth, which soon will disappear
Beneath the genial floods of love that flow from tender eyes
On every erring child of earth that passes to the skies!
Your envy, pride and selfishness will then be buried deep
In earth with your lost robe of flesh, in everlasting sleep!
And all your higher principles will day by day expand
Beneath the love of loving hearts in this celestial land!
Then fear not death, my fellow-men, but calmly wait the day
That shall announce your second birth. — Good night, I must away!"

PART SIXTEENTH.

EXPLANATIONS OF THE "WISER ONE."

SILENCE reigned throughout the circle for a moment, then a strain
Of the same delicious music poured its volume forth again.
Hark! what is that air, familiar, so distinctly floating down?
Ha, the circle add *their* voices! 'Tis the ballad of "JOHN BROWN!"
How the music harmonizes—falling soft each heart upon;
How the chorus stirs the spirit—"*John Brown's soul is marching on!*"
When the song at last was finished, lo! a presence bright was seen
By the side of GAFFER, looking calm and lovingly serene.

Robed in stuff of finest texture, band of gems around its head,
Oh, how thrilled those hundred pulses when in tender voice it said:
"Brothers, I have been enabled by your harmony to-night
To become *en rapport* with you, and be patent to your sight.
Rapport signifies *condition* — thus, if with your body's eye
You would view a given object it were waste of time to try
Until you are placed *en rapport* with it by the rays of light;
Light, then, is a fixed *condition* necessary to your sight.
What is light? 'Tis magnetism; 'tis the moulding law of God;
'Tis the life and love of atoms, Nature's great divining rod.
As I said, 'tis magnetism — 'tis the law by which you see
Blocks and stones, or one another, fields and fences, flower or tree,
Yet intensest floods magnetic might pour ever from the skies,
And your spirits dwell in darkness, were you not endowed with eyes.

Yet the eye is not the seer, 'tis the spirit that beholds;
'Tis the eye receives the vision which the light reflects and moulds;
And when you shall lose your body and your eyes you still will find
That your light is magnetism, softened, deepened, and refined.
Now each one of you behold me by this same magnetic light;
Let its silver cord be broken I should vanish from your sight;
With your eyes you do not see me; close them and you'll find it true,
Only by your spirit vision am I visible to you.
Through your ears you do not hear me, stop them, and you still will find
Every sentence that I utter comprehended by your mind.
That *effects* arise from *causes* is one of the sternest laws,
And by GAFFER though you see me, GAFFER still is *not the cause!*
He is simply a reflector by whose aid I turn the light
On your inner sense of vision, this reveals me to your sight.

And were not your minds receptive, did not harmony prevail,
From between us, I nor GAFFER could a moment lift the veil.
I perceive that you are asking in your minds the reason why
All men may not hold communion with the dwellers of the sky?
The solution of this question few earth minds can understand,
Though it is the simplest knowledge taught you in the summer land!
'Twould be hard to make a brother, born into existence blind,
By description fix the colors of the rainbow on his mind;
Still I shall attempt to teach you why it is that we may come
Freely unto certain of you, while we cannot unto some.
First, remember, men are different, no two beings are alike,
And the truth of this assertion every mind at once will strike.
Walk some autumn through your orchard, raise your eyes, and you will see
A vast difference in the apples, growing on the self same tree,

Here is one all dwarfed and wrinkled, by its side
one large and fair;
Both the children of one parent, nursed by the same
sun and air.
So with men, from low surroundings some will rise,
unfold, expand,
Crown their day and generation with a record great
and grand,
While a child of the same parents in vile ways will
take delight,
Die, and leave behind him mem'ries dark as Egypt's
fabled night.
I refer you to the functions; though all eat, and
sleep, and walk,
Have their bright and gloomy moments, laugh and
cry, reflect and talk,
Do not all perform them different? Do you know
of any two
Who are similar in these things, or like either one
of you?
As by viewing Nature's functions we decide upon
God's plan,
So the outward manner, surely, tells us of the in-
ward man.
Note the child upon a journey ever meeting faces
new,
It will pick the children-loving at a single inter-
view.

Thus a self-hood of *conditions,* multifariously combined,
Is this wonderful immortal — crown of all created kind.
Not a single message, therefore, can the longing spirit send
Through a mortal whose *condition* is not suited to that end.
The musician that assayeth to produce a sweet refrain,
Every cord to proper tension is most careful first to strain;
Men are instruments of music — some with but one string are found,
Others two, and more another, tuned their proper notes to sound.
While we sometimes find, though rarely, those in whom each separate cord,
Nicely tuned, forever utters perfect sounds of sweet accord.
Now, as spirits cannot tune you, it is plain that they must choose
Those whose natural condition makes it possible to use.
Thus have I attempted plainly to impress upon your mind
The chief reason why we cannot use the mass of human kind.

But of vastly more importance to each brief sojourner here
Is the knowledge we would bring you from our sublimated sphere.
We have *truths* to give you, brothers, broader than your wisest give,
Truths that light the "'Dismal Valley,'" and instruct you how to live.
Man is not a fallen being; from the lowest forms of life
He has risen, out of tumult, out of discord and wild strife,
Out of thick and groping darkness, out of superstitions blind,
Out of bigotry, intolerance, and narrowness of mind,
Out of gross and cruel practices that long have stained the race,
Man has risen and is rising to a more exalted place.
"'By their fruits'" ye are "'to know them'" — and along man's path you 'll find
Fruits abundantly attesting the progressiveness of mind.
Turn your gaze adown his pathway for two hundred thousand years,
Note the caves and holes he lived in, and his barb'rous clubs and spears.
Huts and tents, and bows and arrows, rude canoes along the shore,

Are his only signs of progress for a thousand ages more.
Then a glimpse of agriculture and of pastoral life appears,
Which, with unperceived improvement, lasts a long decade of years.
Then we find the clans uniting under *laws* for general weal,
Notice also woven fabrics, gold and silver, iron and steel,
Costly stuffs of silk and linen, famous for their gorgeous dyes;
Teeming cities, grander dwellings, and huge edifices rise;
Swords, and instruments of torture, armors, shields, and engines, dire,
That projected monstrous missiles and incendiary fire;
Wars prevail, and cities crumble, new ones still arise, more grand;
Ships loom up — man's mind is spreading o'er the sea as well as land.
Slowly onward roll the ages, man expands from year to year —
Hieroglyphics come and vanish, written languages appear;
Startling truths, by bold proclaimers in the teeth of error hurled,

Stir the rage of blinded bigots, and electrify the world.
That earth, and all the shining stars, were planets, huge and round,
And moved through space — though long denied, great truths, at last were found.
The long, dark night that shrouded man at last came to a close,
And 'mid the murmurs of the world the sun of printing rose.
Then rapid were the strides of mind though fiercely error clung
To her dark ways, and o'er all light her baleful shadows flung;
She persecuted, cursed, and scorned, and raved in her distress,
As year by year truth's sun arose, and her dark shade grew less.
Now Freedom raised its head and bade oppression lax its hand,
Then steam was born, and ribbed the earth with many an iron band;
Then throbbing telegraphic threads bound shore with distant shore,
Thus triumphed mind o'er time and space, on earth, for evermore!
The planets all are sun-born things, and in the sea of space

Swim round and round the mother orb, each in its proper place.
Oh, many shut this truth away, and will not hear a word,
Yet is it writ on every brood, and every mother bird.
Eternal space is filled with God, and there was never hour
When every atom did not throb with his life-giving power.
He did not need a voice to call a *something* out of naught,
Fruits of his life the gleaming suns were one by one outwrought!
From every loaded orchard bough this truth is plain to see,
Its shining worlds of fruit attest the God within the tree!
Your sun, projected into space, unnumbered ages rolled,
Convulsed and torn by laws that sought its functions to unfold;
And when maturity was reached, its monstrous womb was rent,
And forth into the realm of space a radiant child was sent,
And ages, more than man can count, rolled onward, morn by morn,

Until at length this earth of yours was, in its season, born.
And millions upon millions more of ages wandered by,
Ere Nature's forces ceased to strive, and dwelt in harmony.
In early days, ere cambrian rocks or cumbrian yet were formed,
With living, moving forms of life the shoreless ocean swarmed,
Thence slowly upward, age by age, progressed the mighty plan,
Until all types were grouped in one, and lo! that one was man!
Although his mind was dark and fierce, and knew not west from east,
Though *evil,* yet was he a *good,* considered with the beast;
The law that raised him up will still for age on age refine
The offspring of his loins until eternity shall shine
With love, and wisdom, and great truths, and things the good most prize,
Incarnate in a race whose source we vainly would despise.
And, brothers, when your souls have gained, within the body's case,

The sum of good that earth can give they 'll seek a higher place.
And there will still unfold and rise, and rise and still unfold,
Expand with joys whose extacies no tongue has ever told.
The world doth make sad work with souls — insists that each shall take
A load of principles that lived but for the body's sake.
The spirit needs not selfishness, nor envy, hate, or fear,
Those are the forces made to drive and chain the body here.
And when the body falls to earth they surely will not rise
Along with love, and hope, and faith, and wisdom, to the skies.
But if your life on earth be bad — if good you do not seek,
Then will your spirit attributes indeed be very weak.
And what I mean by seeking good is strive to let your mind
Expand with sympathetic love toward your fellow kind.
Be not absorbed in gaining wealth — keep well this fact in view:

All earthly honors, in themselves, are worthless trash to you.

Be kind and gentle in your homes; remember, love is best
Developed in the youngling ere it leaves the parent nest.
Decide opinions for yourself, yet reason deep and long
On things profound ere you pronounce them either right or wrong.
Think much upon your future life, and often of each friend,
Who from your circle hath passed on to where your footsteps tend.
Thus shall your life on earth be blessed, and scores of tender eyes
Will pour a flood of love to light your pathway to the skies.
I pray you, therefore, heed my voice; be patient in the right,
Forgetting not your great reward; brothers, adieu, good night."

PART SEVENTEENTH.

THE "FOLKS AT HOME"—LETTER FROM HARRY TO MANOMIN—GAFFER'S STORY.

MONTHS wore on in RICHARD'S dwelling—months
of mingled hope and fear—
All good tidings straightway darkened by the *bad*
they feared to hear.
War, they felt, was no respector—wise and noble,
good and true,
Quite as often as the vicious, fell before its bolts,
they knew.
Anxiously they watched for letters, and when "mail-
day" came and passed
Each would ask the inward question, "Will *this*
letter be his last?"
Oh, those letters were such treasures—read, re-read,
and read again,
Until every word and sentence became fixed upon
the brain.

All deserved a better record than this humble book
of mine —
Sentiments most high and noble, glowing in each
word and line.
Fine descriptions of the country which the troops
were marching through,
Minute details of each skirmish, observations fresh
and new,
Fillial words, so hope sustaining, full of tenderness
and love
Toward each member of the household — trustful faith
in God above;
Confidence in final triumph, though the sky so dark
did seem,
Formed the burden of his letters — were his almost
constant theme.
One June evening, while the shadows softly round
the doorway crept,
And from off the blooming prairies smells of sweetest
fragrance swept,
Underneath the spreading branches of a patriarchal
tree
Sat MANOMIN, deeply thinking of the unborn yet
to be.
RICHARD stealthily approached her, taking something
from his cap,
And a moment leaning o'er her, gently dropped it
in her lap.

How she started! how she clutched it! Then her eyes with tears grew dim,
Tears of joy too great to utter, joy to hear once more from *him.*
Then, with face suffused with blushes, swiftly she tripped up the stair,
And with palpitating pulses sank into the rocking chair.
Through her soul a storm of joy swept, making all her senses reel,
When 'twas o'er she lit her candle, and then broke her letter's seal:

"DARLING ONE, once more the pleasure of addressing you a line
That may keep you strong in courage and in love and hope, is mine.
Courage to sustain you, darling, should some rifle ring my knell;
Love to blunt the edge of sorrow, hope that all may yet be well.
Down Virginia's fertile valleys we are marching, day by day,
Over hills and through deep forests patiently we wend our way,
Through the dark ravines and gorges, over hamlet, farm and town,

Daily we go sweeping onward, like a freshet pouring down.
Into corn cribs, fields and orchards, houses, stores, as on we go,
Sadly does this living river every second overflow.
There are many things enacted which I do not care to tell,
War, at best, is wretched business, that I'm sure you know full well.
But there *is* a little story, interesting, strange and true,
That concerns our honest GAFFER which I will relate to you.
Yester evening, after sundown, in the fading twilight dim,
Having found that he was absent I went out in search of him.
We were camped near by a farm house, deeply set within a grove,
And, as if to further hide it, climbing vines luxuriant strove.
In the rear, enclosed by palings, with its tombstones glittering white,
Wrapt in peaceful, sacred silence a small graveyard met my sight.
Moved by some strong inward prompting I removed the wooden pin

That secured the little wicket, swung it back and entered in.
And although I closed it gently and walked on with muffled tread,
Yet distrustfully the breezes seemed to whisper overhead,
And the willows, bending downward, to the staring tombstones said:
"'Let us watch this Yankee soldier here among the Southron dead!'"
E'en the moon looked down suspicious from her window in the skies,
Peering at me through the branches of the trees in mute surprise.
But I wandered on in silence down the shaded, gravelled nave;
Suddenly I saw a figure stretched full length across a grave.
I was startled for a moment, then discovered by its clothes
That it was a Union soldier, still as if in death's repose.
Thoughts swept o'er me of assassins with foul purpose lurking near,
And I drew my "'Colt,'" determined I would sell existence dear.
But no murderous hand assailed me, triggers clicked not on the air,

So I carefully moved forward — heavens, 'twas GAFFER lying there!
Frightened, I sat down beside him, felt his pulse and raised his head;
He was clammy, cold and rigid and I thought he must be dead.
But he bore no mark of bruises, stabbed he certainly was not,
For I ripped his vestments open and no mark of thrust or shot
Was there anywhere about him, then the thought occurred, perchance
This apparent death was really nothing but a spirit trance.
So I sat me down determined that the issue I would bide,
When a drowsiness came o'er me and I laid down by his side.
Then my inner sight was opened and the graveyard blazed with light,
While amid the foliage moving there were scores of beings bright;
And I saw that standing near me, with his features lit with love,
There was GAFFER in communion with a maiden from above.
Oh, her radiant beauty, darling, was a glorious sight to see,

And my spirit thrilled when GAFFER turned and
brought her unto me.
Her tender eyes and loving look and faultless form
and face,
Her silvery voice and winsome ways, her artlesness
and grace,
The fascinating, thrilling touch of her angelic hand
Within my mind have crystalized that glimpse of
Summer Land.
And never more can I forget the calm and holy
bliss
Which renders life in that bright world so different
from this.
Here selfishness, distrust and hate their promptings
never cease,
There all is brotherhood and love, enjoyment, rest
and peace.
My trance was brief and coming to and raising up
my head,
Saw GAFFER in his normal state, who then in low
tones said:
"Sit up, friend HARRY, close to me and hear while
I impart
To you a tale that long has lain a secret in my
heart.
A score of years ago my home was in this farm-
house here;

I was a tutor from the north, employed by HUGH DE VERE,
A rich, aristocratic man and proud as he was rich,
With many a thousand rood of land and many a bondman, which
He seemed to think endowed him with more virtues and what not,
Than could by any means belong to those in humble lot.
The very opposite of this his wife was, kind and mild,
With heart as tender and as pure as any little child.
She recognized the home of man and woman as on high,
And felt that all the aims of earth should be to learn to die.
She was a lady, nay was more, an angel of earth's sphere,
And like her was her only girl, sweet ADELAIN DE VERE.
She and young HUGH my pupils were — she eighteen, he a score,
He but reviewed his Virgil and some things he'd learned before;
While drawing, botany and French and music she assayed,
And rising o'er all obstacles surprising progress made.

HUGH was his father's counterpart, full of that gassy pride
Which leads your pompous southern man to scoff at and deride
All honest men whose wealth results from toil of their own hands
And ever ruffianly parades his "" niggers "" and his lands.
I bore the arrogance and pride, the insults, taunts, and sneers
Of both the senior and the son for two long, bitter years.
Still not so bitter that I would not gladly take the pain —
Aye, twice the pain of those two years to live them o'er again.
For in those trying days there came a compensation dear:
It was the plighted love and troth of ADELAIN DE VERE.
And, HARRY, I had dived into my soul's inmost retreat,
Had plucked its choicest flower of love and laid it at her feet.
We met in secret oftentimes within this little wood,
Full well we knew the consequence if son or father should

Discover our attachment ere our plans were more matured,
That fearful insults by us both would have to be endured.
The time for which I had engaged was drawing to an end
And anxiously those fleeting hours I watched, you may depend;
For I had promised I would seek her father and demand
His sanction of his daughter's choice in giving me her hand.
And if withheld, as well we knew it was most sure to be,
Then boldly forth she had agreed to brave the world with me.
I'll not recall the bitter things that were that morning said,
Nor tell you of the vile abuse the son heaped on my head.
It is sufficient that I left the house that very day,
And that same night from 'neath this tree I bore my bride away.
Young HUGH collected a rough band and followed in our rear,
But we were made ""bone of one bone"" ere he could interfere.

In frenzied rage he bade his band burst in my chamber door —
A ruffian entered and got stretched at once upon the floor.
Then pistol shots flew thick and fast and wildly raged the strife,
My blood was boiling and I fought terrifically for life.
The bullets rained all round the room; at last, shot through and through,
I fell upon the floor, but not till HUGH was stretched there too.
Then came a blank and when at length my consciousness returned,
That HUGH was dead, my wife insane and I proscribed, I learned.
A score of men were organized to mete me out my doom
As soon as I had gathered strength enough to leave my room.
A colored maid of ADELAIN'S had watched around my bed;
To some asylum, far away, my wife was sent, she said,
And bade me, if I'd save my life, to rise that night and flee,
That in a wood near by she had concealed my horse for me.

By some strange luck my wounds had proved mere punctures of the flesh
Which left me, when my fever passed comparatively fresh.
This fact was gloated o'er by those who lay in wait for me;
Already they had made the noose, and picked the gallows tree.
I fled and shortly after heard my wife had ceased to live,
Then sought I that seclusion deep which only woods can give.
And there, 'mid simple hearted ones, rude children of the wood,
I brooded o'er my loved and lost in deepest solitude;
'Twas then that spirits first began to swarm around and give
Those tokens that when death ensues they do not cease to live.
And often with my ADELAIN sweet converse I would hold,
But not until to-night have I been able to behold
Her own dear self, and here beneath this huge old trysting tree
She has in person met and pledged eternal troth to me.
You saw her for a little space and many more beside;

God speed the day that I may go and claim my
angel bride.'"
Such is the story GAFFER told and such I give to
you,
And only add I think it true and strange as it is
true.
Now, darling one, I'll close this scrawl by bidding
you take heart,
Be not cast down if years shall lapse and find us
still apart.
The longest time doth close at last and round the
hour will roll
That shall unite us evermore, one life, one love,
one soul.
Be mindful of the chance of war, my life hangs on
a thread,
A thrust, a shot, a bursting shell, and private THORN-
TON 's dead.
But still I have a clinging faith that yet down here
below,
Stretch years of joy for you and me — God grant it
may be so.
With prayers that you may keep your health, be
cheerful, and not pine
O'er my long absence and great peril, I am forever
thine."

PART EIGHTEENTH.

THE PENINSULA CAMPAIGN—BATTLE OF FAIR OAKS—HARRY'S LETTER DESCRIBING THE BATTLES OF MECHANICSVILLE, GAINES' MILL, MALVERN HILL, &c. CONSEQUENT UPON THE FAMOUS "CHANGE OF BASE."

STILL surged the crimson wave of war, but the
whole country's face was turned
To Chickahominy's low swamps, where our brave
army's camp fires burned;
Where thousands of our gallant men sank down
beneath malaria's breath,
And like a fog before a wind were swept away to
sudden death!
For one long month in that low swamp did our de-
voted army lay,
While swifter than a battle's breath miasmas swept
our men away!
And by and by a furious flood broke o'er the treach-
erous river's banks
And rolled a turbid lake between our army's decim-
ated ranks.

On CASEY'S, COUCH'S, HEINTZLEMAN'S small camps
of isolated men
The sanguinary rebels poured the whole of their
vast army then.
Oh, weird and wild the slaughter there, ten thousand
of our brave men fell;
Why was this fearful battle fought, ah, who in this
broad land can tell?
Why was a treacherous stream allowed so long to
roll its waves between
That wasted army, when a child their awful peril
might have seen?
Thank God, the rebels prospered not, fruitionless
their bloody schemes
Were rendered by our gallant men. Brave BERRY'S
glorious Wolverines
And York State's gallant hearts were there, and
Keystone's boys, firm as her rocks,
And old New England's adamants that loved the
fiercest battle shocks.
And there they stretched a wall of steel across that
sanguinary plain,
Against which their wild sea of foes beat furiously
two days in vain.
Hushed is the noise, decayed the dead, faded the
flash of saber strokes,
But never will our land forget the fruitless slaughter
of Fair Oaks!

For though in wild disordered mobs the rebel host
was put to flight,
While thousands of their ragged dead outlined the
boundaries of the fight,
And though all Richmond fled the town and all the
South grew white with fear,
Yet "Young Napoleon" failed to march his army
on their flying rear!
Though STONEWALL JACKSON, further north, by FRE-
MONT'S heroes hard bestead,
Was paying all along his route a constant tribute
of his dead,
And though the rebel JOHNSTON fell and LEE de-
clared their cause was lost,
Yet paralized MCCLELLAN lay with Chickahominy
uncrossed!
For three weeks more he dallied on in that low
country's poisonous heat,
And then occurred that *change of base* which seemed
so much like a retreat!
The rebels heard with wild amaze this great strategic
move of MACK'S
While hourly waiting in suspense his rushing column's
fierce attacks.
Then bugles sounded, drums beat loud and ring of
sabres stormed the ear,
And forth like bees from all their camps they streamed
upon MCCLELLAN'S rear.

Wild was the strife that soon began, for one long week by day and night,
Our wasted, weary but brave boys maintained that fierce, unequal fight.
The glorious deeds of those who fought in that ill starred campaign so well
I'll leave for HARRY, who was there, in his long letter home to tell!

"DEAR MOTHER, once again I take my pen in hand to write to you,
To tell you I am safe, and of the dangers I've been passing through.
For ere this reaches you there will the lightning's swifter feet have run
All through the land in haste to tell our bloody deeds of battle done.
And well I know that hearts at home will ache with anxiousness to see
This white-winged messenger of love come flying through the mail from me.
God knows I would not add one beat of Time's great pendulum unto
Your poignant seconds of suspense, so haste at once to write to you.
A long and fearful march we've had, through wood and swamp, through field and flood,

One constant roar by day and night—a week's red carnival of blood.
I cannot give the *full* details of those terrific days of strife,
Those days of hunger and distress, those days so prodigal of life.
I have not time to tell you now *all* of that long and murderous fray
Nor *heart* to tell you of the scenes, the fearful scenes upon the way.
Yet still I feel impelled to give such facts as came beneath my ken,
In justice to the brave deeds done and hardships suffered by our men.

Around Mechanicsville we lay with Richmond's gleaming spires in sight,
Hoping and praying every day for orders to begin the fight.
There was a strength of conscious right in every loyal heart that beat
In anxious hope before those walls, which would have urged with rapid feet
The living bodies of our men, swifter than whirlwinds' swift descent,
O'er abattis and rifle pits despite the storm of missiles sent,

O'er bastions, batteries and men, forward with resistless power
Until the "On to Richmond" bud *in* Richmond should have bloomed a flower!
That longed for order never came but airy rumor, with swift feet,
Went whispering round from tent to tent that we were ordered to retreat.
One man amid that mighty host, one small, weak man, aye only *one*,
Who 'd kept us in those poisonous swamps beneath a scorching summer's sun
Till thousands of our best men died, now bade us turn our backs and flee!
Flée from a foe we came to fight — flee from the very task which we
Had left our homes and firesides, our wives and children to perform;
In bitterness we turned away from trenches which we came to storm!
We were not left to go in peace, for on our sullen rear was poured
In long, deep, yelling, swarming lines the whole exultant rebel horde!
We fought as only angry men, forced 'gainst their will to shameful flight
By iron discipline of war — we fought as only such can fight.

The Chickahominy still split our splendid army's lines in twain,
The bloody tide from slaughtered men had flowed at Seven Pines* in vain.
So when we came to Gaines' Mill where all our army should have been,
We had to face LEE's whole command with thirty thousand of our men.
Brave HEINTZLEMAN, and KEYES, and COUCH, and FRANKLIN, HOOKER, KEARNEY, too,
The dashing, gallant, one-armed PHIL, so quick and bold to dare and do,
Brave RICHARDSON'S and SEDGWICK'S boys, and SUMNER'S lying far from harm,
Across the river, twelve miles off, in idleness at BARKER'S farm!
Oh, God! the agony of mind no human pen has power to tell,
As sharp to those who did not fight as unto those who fought or fell.
Oh, mother, fancy, if you can, our little army of brave men
In long thin lines stretched o'er the field, from hill to hill, and glen to glen.
From golden dawn to dusky eve lying beneath a scalding sun,

* Fair Oaks.

Fighting a fierce exultant foe — outnumbered by them
three to one,
When just within three hour's march lay sixty thousand
of our boys
Chafing with rage at being held in hearing of that
battle's noise!
In vain our brave men stood their ground and in grim
silence fought and fell,
In vain our heated, well worked guns rained storms
of grape, and shot and shell,
In vain our horsemen few, but brave, with naked
sabres gleaming bright
Made furious charges on our foe, now on our left,
now on our right,
In vain, in vain, while beaten back, our brave men's
tears fell free as rain,
And rallying, still more desperate fought — oh match-
less valor all in vain!
Our cannon one by one were lost until no longer
one remained,
And while outnumbering us in front, the swarming
foe our rear had gained.
Call after call for help was made, and as those dread-
ful hours went by
We strained our ears in hopes to catch the ringing
cheers of succor nigh.
But all day long McClellan sat, far from all harm,
with brow serene,

Unmindful of our fearful fate — great God above!
what *could* he mean?
I will not blame him, mother dear, nor call him coward
till I know
That he has been upon the field, and flinched before
an equal foe.
Thus far *ten battles* we have fought and though he
stigmatized McCall's
And Casey's men as cowards, *he ne'er heard the whiz
of hostile balls!*
Though at Fair Oaks I saw that when our two days'
bloody fight was done
He pompously rode o'er the field, past many a dead
and wounded one!
But do not deem I wish to hint that he 's a coward,
e'en in jest,
I know not how he *might* behave with lines of bayonets
at his breast!
But to my story, just at night loud cheers rang up
the echoing glen,
And sweeping on with gleaming guns came French's
and brave Meagher's men.
Ha! ha! how thrilled our weary hearts with wild
delight's hot flushing flow;
And quick as thought our broken lines reformed and
dashed upon the foe!
Ah, fiercely then the rebels fought, hushed was their
loud, exultant mirth,

With but a dozen fresh brigades we might have swept
them then from earth.
They did not come, but darkness did, and we aban-
doned the attack,
Then came an order from our *chief* to cross the river
and fall back!
Oh, then indeed our hearts were racked with most
excruciating pain;
Obliged to march away and leave our sick and wound-
ed with the slain!
All night we toiled along the road while thickly flew
the rebel shell,
And every now and then some brave, true-hearted
son of freedom fell.
Thus marched we on for six long nights, halting at
every dawn of day
To plant our batteries and place our weary lines in
war's array.
Then all day long 'twas roar and noise, and whiz of
balls, and yells, and heat,
At night tramp, tramp! through swamp and flood, in
silent, sullen, grim retreat.
At length one morn our heavy eyes were gladdened
by a joyful sight:
The shining waters of the James reflecting back the
morning's light,
Three hundred bristling cannon stretched across the
slope of Malvern Hill,

And rows of rifle pits all dug which we were hastening on to fill.
Loud rang the cheers, for every man beheld this vision with delight,
Assured that we had reached at last the termination of our flight.
Right well we knew those silent guns the dirge of thousands soon would sing,
And space for miles and miles around with their loud bellowings would ring.
And proudly we could once more stand and say to our exultant foe:
"'Come on and try the issue here, not one inch farther will we go.'"
Oh, keenly does the private feel the stinging shame of a retreat,
Keener than serpent's fang if he has not been first in battle beat.
The shots may plunge, the shells may burst, and bullets sing around his head,
The wounded fall and writhe and groan, the field be covered with the dead,
Day after day the strife may rage 'mid winter's frosts or summer's heat,
Yet bravely will he struggle on without once thinking of retreat.
And therefore when we reached the hill, we cried,
"'Hurrah, the die is cast!

Come on, you ragged rebel knaves, this chase, thank
God, has ceased at last!'"
And on they came in treble lines and furiously the
strife begun,
And you have doubtless heard ere this that it was a
most bloody one.
The rebels bravely charged the hill while from three
hundred cannon sped
All forms of missiles through their ranks and choked
their pathway up with dead!
Again and yet again they charged, and oft our gun-
ners would stand still
And for a moment cheer their pluck, then give them
grape shot with a will!
At every roar great gaps were made in their thick
ranks, yet on they came;
'Tis said that whisky, powder-drugged, their wretched
senses did inflame.
Straight on they marched in scorn of death, amid the
roar, with steady tread,
And cheered when they had got so close that all our
shots flew overhead!
Then from the rifle pits we rose, the cheering rebels
paused amazed,
And turned to flee — too late, too late, ten thousand
well aimed rifles blazed!
Oh, how they fell before us then, like autumn leaves
before a blast!

They could not form their ranks again, that charge had proved their best and last.
Now pond'rous shells came screaming up from gun-boats near the James' shore,
Which with our batteries and guns made old earth tremble with the roar.
In wild disorder, through the woods, the frightened beaten rebels fled,
And left behind them all their sick, their badly wounded and their dead.

The battle's smoke has cleared away, and left me without scratch or harm,
While GAFFER, brave and noble friend, received a bullet in the arm.
And PARTICK DEEGAN, too, I hear, was badly wounded in the thigh,
And though the wound is quite severe the surgeon says he will not die.
And further says, when he gets well *Lieutenant* DEEGAN he will be,
For valor shown at Gaines' Mill, in charging on a battery.
But I must close this lengthy scrawl; best love to each and every one;
May God preserve you, mother dear, as He thus far has kept your son."

PART NINETEENTH.

THE CLOSE OF THE CAMPAIGN—REST AT LAST—"LETTERS FROM HOME!"—MANOMIN TO HARRY—HER PAINFUL PRESENTIMENTS—"GOD KEEP THE BULLETS FROM YOUR HEART, THE BAYONETS FROM YOUR BREAST!"

ALL hostile sounds were hushed at last, the fearful
roar of arms was still,
No warm life blood in crimson streams now dyed
the slopes of Malvern Hill.
The broken, beaten rebel hordes but late so fierce
had fled dismayed,
No longer swarmed their threatening lines with flash-
ing gun and trenchant blade.
The wounded all were gathered up and in those
trenches lying low,
Gone to their long and last account, reposed the
fallen of our foe.
Peace to their souls! for they were brave, mistaken
true, but brave men still,
And to their madness freely gave all man *can* give
at Malvern Hill.

Our own immortal slain were grouped in separate
graves apart from those,
Yet narrow was the strip between a country's saviours
and her foes!
To Turkey Bend our army marched and camped on
James' grateful banks,
And sought the rest so long denied to its thinned,
weary, way-worn ranks.
And though the plain that round them spread was
low and sterile, black beneath
The scorching rays of July's sun, yet it did seem
a goodly heath
To our poor tired heroes, who might eat and sleep
and rest and dream,
Unsummoned by the long roll's call, or plunge into
the James' stream,
And wash and bathe, aye frolic, too, untroubled by
a hostile sound,
Ah yes, that scorched unlovely plain to them was
fair and holy ground: *
"*Letters from home!*" rang through the camp. "And
are there any, sir, for me?"
'Twas HARRY'S question. "Yes, my lad, you 're
lucky, sir, for here are three."
Withdrawn from prying eyes apart where nature his
intenseness shared

* The leading facts and principal features of the description of the Peninsula Campaign have been taken from an article in "Harpers' Monthly," May and June Nos. 1865; by JOHN S. C. ABBOTT, entitled "*Heroic Deeds of Heroic Men.*"

His spirit reveled in the feast his far off loved ones had prepared.
His heart beat warm with glorious joy, obliviously the hours sped
As from MANOMIN unto him this letter o'er and o'er he read:—

"It is Sunday morning, HARRY, and the air is sweet without,
And through the trees before the door bright birds flash in and out;
Both your father and your mother and little JESSIE, too,
And one who loves you more than all, are writing unto you.
Do you ever think, dear HARRY, of the day when we first met?
Like a white robed angel that bright morn stands in my mem'ry yet!
Oh, I was but a wild thing then, decked out in beaded hood
And Indian skirt and moccasins, dark daughter of the wood,
Who loved naught but her fishing rod, her gun and light canoe
Until that ever blessed morn God sent her unto you.
But now my gun is red with rust, my fishing rod is broke

And all my Indian tastes and dress have vanished
into smoke;
For now I'm RICHARD THORNTON'S child, the blessed
and the good,
And oh, 'tis meet I lay aside those relics of the
wood.
But still I love the wild woods yet and Ida's jewelled
shore,
And hourly wish the time would come when you and
I once more
Might stroll together as of old. Oh, HARRY, in my
heart
A light went out and left it dark when we were
forced apart;
And some prophetic inner sense seems whispering
in my ear,
"'Alas, poor child, that light shall ne'er be re-il-
lumined here!'"
Sometimes in dreams I see you stretched in death's
eternal sleep,
When with a cry of wild affright I waken up to
weep.
And then 'tis me that some fierce deed removes from
earth away —
Oh, why does this strange feeling haunt my breast
from day to day?
I *shall* be mindful of war's chance, and oh, I know
full well

That any moment but a "'thrust, a shot, or bursting shell'"
May rob me of the one bright form my soul so longs to see,
One warm, true heart whose priceless love is all in all to me!
But if a soul's most earnest prayers, put up by day and night,
Can shield you from disease of camps and perils of the fight
Then are you safe, my life, my love, for there does not arise
From all the murmuring lips of earth up to the bending skies,
Up through the thronging angel choirs, up to the Ear divine
A name so often born in prayer, oh darling one, as thine!
But notwithstanding all my faith fear's cold and anxious flood
Flows through the chambers of my soul like poison through the blood,
And sharp impressions of keen grief and trials I am loth
To think upon burn in my heart and fiercely menace both.
'Tis said the Sioux* are in a rage because they've not been paid;

*Pronounced *Soos*.

That they will rise and wage a war some settlers are afraid;
But they are so far south of us that we need have no fear,
I'm sure an army might be raised ere they could reach us here.
The farm is doing excellent, the corn is very fine,
The wheat and oats are heading out, the garden's care is mine;
Still I have leisure time to read and practice every day
And many of your favorite songs have learned to sing and play.
In freedom's service late enrolled are several neighbor's names:
GEORGE BANCROFT and young PERCY BARNES and gallant JOSEPH JAMES,
The brave young cockney HENRY COOK and JACOB PRETZLE, too,
Who burn to show Columbia what her foster sons can do,
Broad shouldered, stalwart JULIUS FROST, JIM DICKEN, trapper JIM;
No truer rifle pours its death than that which rings for him.
The two KINKEADS, the WHITEFIELD boys, JAMES SHOTWELL, true and good,
Son of that fine old man who lives down in the six mile wood

Hard by the shores of that sweet lake, where every
passer by,
Upon the scenic banquet spread regales with eager
eye.
All whom you love are well, HARRY, and send their
love to you,
And pray your blessings may be great and hardships
may be few.
You hope to get a furlough soon to visit us, you
say,
Oh may God swiftly speed the time and hasten that
white day!
To GAFFER give my kind regards, his story touched
my heart,
Oh, I can realize the pain when ruthlessly apart,
Two souls that beat as one are torn by rude and
ruffian hand,
And 'tis a blessed thing to know there is a better
land
Where every wrong will be set right and all mistakes
be known,
And every soul that seeks for love will recognize
its own
True counterpart, true other half and they, a perfect
ONE,
May live *forever* steeped in bliss, accountable to none!
To PATRICK DEEGAN give my love; may God's pro-
tecting care,

By day and night, in camp and field be with him everywhere!
He is a noble gallant man, a generous hearted friend,
God grant unscathed he may be brought out safely to the end.
Alas, my paper is most full, oh, God, how can I close?
Would I could be transported too to where this letter goes!
Good bye, my darling, yet it wrings my soul to say good bye,
For now, *just now* I seem to feel an hour of anguish nigh!
Good bye once more; God grant I may soon hear again from you
Despite the whisper in my heart, "'*This is your last adieu!*'"
Oh *must* I close, my darling one? *May you be ever blest;*
God keep the bullets from your heart, the bayonets from your breast!"

PART TWENTIETH.

THE FRONTIER HOMES—FEARFUL RUMORS—ARRIVAL OF HARRY—A TERRIFIC FIGHT IN THE DARK WOODS—AWFUL MASSACRE OF THE THORNTON FAMILY—THE BODY OF MANOMIN NOT FOUND—THE HEGIRA OF THE SETTLERS—HEART RENDING SCENES OF MURDER—BATTLES OF BIRCH COOLIE AND RED WOOD LAKE—CAPTAINS MARSH AND STROUT—DEATH OF LITTLE CROW.

THE waving grain was ripe and full and expectation's heart beat high
At every Douglas County hearth o'er this especial harvest nigh.
Those frontier farmers who had toiled so long, so patient and severe,
Had lived in cabins rude and dark for many a weary, weary year,
Subsisting only on such fare as could be snatched from woods or streams
Now saw in their broad fields of grain the rich fruition of their dreams!

The first rude cabin each had built, with rough, uneven
puncheon floor,
With walls unseemly "chinked" and "daubed" and
flat, trough roof besodded o'er,
Behind a grander edifice was now forever hid away,
Where, 'neath the gnawing teeth of Time it crumbled
slowly to decay.
Their flocks and herds increased apace and broader
grew their cultured land,
And from each passing year they wrung some meed
of gain with horny hand.
Long and severely they had toiled but now they felt
themselves repaid
For every extra hardship borne or every special effort
made.
Indeed they deemed themselves quite rich, and care-
less of the future's store,
Viewed most complacently the years now looming
grandly up before!
Ah, false security! how soon their hopes were mixed
with anxious fears!
Then confirmation of the worst, then flight and terror,
blood and tears!
For many days the airy tongue of trackless rumor
had proclaimed
The temper of the sullen Sioux as daily growing
more inflamed.

None but the nervous gave them heed and they soon whistled down their fear,
"The Sioux! oh pshaw! too few! too far! no danger of their coming here!"
And gaily they cut down their grain and gaily rose their harvest glee,
As if such things as scalping knives and murdering Indians could not be.
At length, as rumors grew apace, and some began to heed the tale,
Came HARRY THORNTON from below upon the stage coach with the mail.
Then for a moment the fierce tales of hatchet, knife and fire brand,
Were quite forgotten as they rushed around the coach to shake his hand,
"I'm glad to see you, friends," he said, "but there is little time to spare,
The murdering Sioux have scattered out along the frontier everywhere.
So I must hasten home at once; I thought to meet my father here;
Alas, alas, I know not why, but I am racked with strangest fear.
Will any one go with me home?" Three men stepped out, three true and good,
Stepped out at once with gun in hand and promptly answered that they would.

'Twas Uncle DARLING and ED. WRIGHT and ANDREW AUSTIN, all brave men
As ever made a rifle ring o'er lake or forest, hill or glen.
The four set out, it was five miles, and through a forest deep and dark,
And they had travelled half the way to THORNTON'S dwelling house, when hark!
The ring of rifles faintly came borne to them on the rayless air,
"In God's name, boys, let's hurry on, I fear those shots mean mischief there!"
'Twas HARRY spoke and then each one went springing on with speedier tread,
And presently they saw the house — "Hold on a moment!" DARLING said;
"Quick! quick! there's Injuns! fly to trees! be cool and cautious and take care!"
Just then six livid sheets of flame flashed out upon the darkness there,
And six clear, ringing, loud reports awakened all the echoes round,
And AUSTIN and poor EDWIN WRIGHT fell stricken lifeless to the ground!
Swift as two tigers from their lairs sprang DARLING and young HARRY out,
Six stalwart Indians drew their knives and rushed upon them with a shout!

The foremost two went down at once before their rifles' deadly breath,
And HARRY quickly sent a third with his revolver down to death.
Another's brains were scattered wide by "Biting Betty's" crashing breech,
Then hand to hand they waged the fight, one Indian but remained for each.
The strife was brief, for DARLING wrenched the knife from out his foeman's grasp
And struck him dead, and quickly then his tomahawk he did unclasp
And rushing up dashed out the brains of HARRY'S foe in time to save
The swift, keen scalping knife's descent that would have sent him to his grave!
They stopped not there for words or tears or comments on that furious fight,
But rushing on to THORNTON'S house — oh, God! how dreadful was the sight!
Poor THORNTON, mangled, cut and slashed, lay stripped and swimming in his gore,
And ESTHER, stabbed and scalped and shot, lay dead and naked on the floor!
And ESTHER'S father! oh, my God! how must these horrid deeds appal!
His head was severed from its trunk and grimly nailed against the wall!

Sweet little JESSIE, angel child, sure *demons* would
have spared *her* life,
But these vile murderers cut her throat and stabbed
her with a scalping knife!
MANOMIN'S body was not found, but smeared with
blood her rifle lay
Across the threshold and they said, "She has been
killed and dragged away."
Those were the six that now lay dead a few rods
back there in the wood,
But oh, great God! it was too late, it seemed their
death had done no good!
Whose pen can paint, whose heart conceive the rush
of grief, the wild despair
That bleakly swept poor HARRY'S soul as he beheld
the slaughter there?
"Oh Jesus! bend thy shining head down from thy
glittering throne to-night!
Let all high heaven's pitying hosts look down upon
this fearful sight!
And give me strength of heart and limb and eagle
steadiness of eye
To run these ruthless redskins down and hunt them
till the last shall die!
*Oh, God! how black this world has grown in one short
hour!* can it be,
That I am left an orphan boy with none on earth
to cherish me?

Oh, no! my blessed country stands with outstretched arms to claim her boy!
Yes! yes! I'm thine, Columbia! henceforth you are my only joy!
You are my father! mother, too! you are MANOMIN, all my life!
You are my sister! and oh, God! I'm thine for war and bloody strife!"
Then came the hot tears gushing forth—he wept as only strong men can,
And Uncle DARLING with wet eyes said, "Come, my boy! come! be a man!"
And with a mighty effort then he crowded back upon his heart
That bitter, scalding flood of grief that had so rent his soul apart!
Then for MANOMIN long they searched, they called her name but failed to hear
The faintest answer or response from any human being near.
No single trace of her appeared, no track of foot or shred of dress
To guide them in their anxious search or ease one pang of their distress!
They did not dare to linger long, reluctantly they gave her up,
Thus to the very brim was filled with bitterness poor HARRY'S cup.

A team was geared and in the box the bodies tenderly
were placed,
When quickly with sad, heavy hearts their fearful
footsteps they retraced.
They picked up AUSTIN and young WRIGHT and
hurried forward to the town
To find a swarm of fugitives from up the country
pouring down,
With tales of prowling Indian bands, of houses wrap-
ped in flame and smoke,
Of mothers murdered, children brained, of rifle shot
and hatchet stroke!
Oh, all was panic and despair and faces paled and
hearts grew white,
Both men and women for a time were wild and
helpless with affright!
But rapidly they organized; there were a hundred
stalwart men,
And as they gripped their trusty guns they lost all
fear of Indians then.
In four rude coffins, quickly made, in one broad grave
were HARRY'S dead
That night interred in DARLING'S yard, and stones
heaped o'er their lonely bed.
With Uncle DARLING at their head the settlers all
now started out,
Expecting every mile to hear the ring of rifles on
their route.

And every night they saw all round the glare of flames across the plain,
And flying fugitives came in to tell their tales and swell the train.
But one bright morn, with thankful hearts, they saw St. Cloud's white houses shine,
And one wild ringing shout of joy went flying down that lengthy line!
Their wives and little ones were safe, need dread no more the hatchet's gleam,
The sudden shot, the scalping knife, the Indian's awful midnight scream!
And they would take their guns at once, and resolutely turning back,
Would follow up the murderers' trails like blood-hounds on a victim's track.
They went, and oh! what tongue can tell the dreadful sights that met their eyes?
Young children's heads cut off and turned all ghastly glaring to the skies!
Bodies cut up and trees festooned with all their horrid fragments, there,
Girls disembowelled and on limbs hung tied together by the hair.
Great stalwart men shot down and scalped, their heads oft skinned completely o'er,
While their young wives in agony were nailed stark naked to the floor!

Small children's eyes dug out while each dark socket
held a musket ball,
And unborn babes ripped out and spiked alive and
writhing to the wall!
Oh, you, who walled within warm homes may safely
seek your couch at night,
You cannot feel the deathly fear, the wild and
withering affright,
That swept along that broad frontier, like prairie
fires rushing down,
And drove a thousand households there all breathless
to the nearest town!
Their grain in stack or shocked in field, and house-
hold goods behind were left,
And soon by Indian's torch of them were the poor
fugitives bereft.
Their cows and oxen too, were killed, shot down
wherever they were found,
And wantonly were left to rot where'er they fell,
upon the ground.

Day after day the Indians swarmed and dogged our
little party's track,
And at Birch Coolie in the night at last they ventured
to attack.
But they were met by storms of balls that stretched
their warriors in the dew,

And though they were a thousand strong yet durst
not charge upon those few!
All the next day they prowled around that little hand-
ful of brave men,
While from behind each clump of grass their rifles
echoed through the glen.
And all next night they hugged the camp and kept
their guns at steady play,
Ashamed and maddened that so few could keep
their thousand braves at bay!
And once that night with wild war whoop the Indians
to their feet did bound
And rushed upon the rifle pits the whites had dug
in circle round.
But they were met with laughs of scorn and such
a murderous storm of lead
That in a moment all the field was thickly spotted
with their dead.
Next morn some reinforcements came, the Indians
fled and were pursued,
And all along their bloody trail their wounded warriors
were strewed.
Two days they fled and on the third at Red Wood
Lake they made a stand,
For LITTLE CROW* had joined them there with all
the warriors of his band.

---

*The chief of the Sioux.

Three thousand stalwart Indian braves against five
hundred of our men,*
But yet so burned their hearts with rage they took
no thought of numbers then.
At early morn, ere yet the sky was streaked with
red, the fight begun,
And oh! it proved to those vain Sioux a most disast-
rous, bloody one.
Fierce as a tiger HARRY fought, and though the
bullets whistled shrill,
'Twas mere child's play to one who 'd faced the rain
of death at Malvern Hill.
With glaring eyes he 'd watch to see some skulking
Indian show his head,
Then lightning like his "Spencer" roared and straight
the vengeful bullet sped!
Oft he and DARLING, side by side, would rush upon
some red skinned crowd,
And "Biting Betty's" ringing roar would rise above
the conflict loud.
Then crash of skulls and scattered brains, terrific yells
and hasty flight,
Would tell at once where those two men in fearful
earnest waged the fight.
For half a day the conflict raged, then LITTLE CROW
in terror fled,

* Five companies of the Fifth Minnesota and about one hundred citizens.

But left behind him on the field vast numbers of his warriors dead.
Brave MARSHAL, straight upon their camps, rushed on his men that very night,
Four hundred prisoners he took and put the rest again to flight.
Of all the battles through the State I would I had the time to tell,
How STROUT and his heroic boys at Acton thrashed the murderers well,
Or give a record of the names of those who perished in the strife,
Like Captain MARSH, who was among the earliest ones to lose his life.
Or tell of Abercrombie's siege, where many an Indian bit the dust,
And thus to vengeance paid the price of all his murders and his lust!
Suffice to say the Indians fled before the whites' avenging hands,
And o'er Dacotah's treeless plains were soon dispersed in little bands.
Where, ere a fortnight more had passed, old Biting Betty's sulphurous breath
Had stretched rebellious LITTLE CROW forever stiff and stark in death!

PART TWENTY-FIRST.

EVENTS FROM AUGUST 1862 TO NOVEMBER 1863—DEATH OF GAFFER AT THE BATTLE OF CHANTILLY—HARRY AT ANTIETAM—UNCLE DARLING'S LETTER TO HARRY—HE BELIEVES MANOMIN TO BE DEAD—HARRY'S DESPAIR—HE DETERMINES TO THROW AWAY HIS LIFE IN BATTLE—HIS RECKLESS FIGHTING AT FREDERICKSBURG, CHANCELLORVILLE AND GETTYSBURG—BATTLE OF LOOK OUT MOUNTAIN—HARRY SHOT—HIS FAREWELL TO EARTH.

UPON a huge old moss-grown rock that heaved its shoulders high and brown
On Minnetonka's* quiet shore two swarthy men were sitting down.
The eldest looking one had passed, by some few years, the prime of life,
But round, unwrinkled, only seemed to have been toughened by its strife.
The gathering "crows' feet" round his eyes, the drifts of silver through his hair,

*Minnetonka is the large and beautiful lake near St. Paul that forms the headwaters of Minnehaha Falls.

Were nearly all the outward signs he gave of all
his years of wear.
His was a sunny, genial face, lit up by eyes of
gentle blue,
That beamed so kindly when at peace, but when
aroused would flash you through.
He was a tall, athletic man, broad-shouldered, power-
ful and straight,
And when he walked displayed great ease and natural
gracefulness of gait.
The other was a youthful man, with earnest, truthful,
large blue eyes,
Round limbed, well built, compact and strong, of some-
what more than medium size.
His rich brown hair curled closely round a finely
shaped, well balanced head,
And through the russet of his cheeks there glowed a
healthful tinge of red.
He wore the jaunty army cap, his clothes, too, were
the army blue,
He was as trim a soldier lad as e'er Columbia's
armies knew.
But through the sunshine of his face there crept a
shadow of distress,
Bespeaking some sharp inward grief which he seemed
striving to repress.
With heavy rifles both were armed and both looked
weary and way-worn;

The garments of the elder one were somewhat tattered, too, and torn—
"Well, HARRY," said the elder man, "'tis time that I was toddling back;
Your furlough's up, you've got to go, but I kin foller on *their* track.
I reckon that atween us both, from fust to last, we must have laid
A hundred of the cusses out. At that last fight the way we made
The fur fly from their pesky hides I tell you now want noways slow;
But come, my boy, give us yer hand, the sun is high and I must go.
If no durned redskin gets my scalp I'll write ye quick as I git back,
Fer may be I kin find some clue to put me on MANOMIN'S track,
Fer, by old Goshen, I'll be durned ef I dont think she's all right yit,
So don't look on the shaddery side, but brighten up your heart a bit.
I reckon it'll all come right, ef't don't no use to whine or sigh—
Take care yerself, old fellow, now, God bless you, boy, good bye! good bye!"
They wrung each other's hands and spoke once more affectionate good byes,

Then turned, and as they walked on, brushed the
shining tear drops from their eyes.
Now southward HARRY'S face was set, but oh, with
what distress of mind,
His only joy the lingering hope that Uncle DARLING
yet might find
MANOMIN somewhere, sound and well, and she might
be preserved for him,
Though 'mid his sorrow's surging waves this little
light of hope burned dim.
He weighed the chances o'er and o'er and sorrow-
fully shook his head,
"Oh no, she could not have escaped, she surely,
surely must be dead!"
Long time in silent thought he walked and just as
St. Paul's spires gleamed
Full on his soul some inward joy some deep and
quickening pleasure seemed
To light his face with radiant glow—"Ah yes, my
GAFFER, why, oh why
Did I not think of thee before? thou link between
the earth and sky!
Thou path by which celestial feet descend to loved
ones here below,
God speed my journey to thy tent; the truth at last
I then shall know!"
Poor HARRY! he had yet to learn that there was
still for him in store

Another pang of poignant grief, a world of bitter
trouble more!
For, in his absence many a field had by our "boys
in blue" been won,
And many a grand, heroic deed at cost of precious
lives been done.
GAFFER, his friend and tent-mate, he, who loved him
as he loved his life,
At wild Chantilly's crimsoned field had fallen in the
fearful strife.
He was a color bearer there and in the thickest of
the fray
His flag defiantly was borne; he fell just as we won
the day.
The losses on that hard fought field the country will
remember well,
For there PHIL KEARNEY, dashing PHIL, and brave,
impetuous STEVENS fell.
And many and many a soldier boy, dear to *some*
heart in this broad land,
Came to his death in valorous strife to stay the sweep
of treason's hand.
When HARRY reached the front at last, one clear,
serene September day,
'Twas but to take his place at once in line of battle's
dread array.
Yet dread no longer unto him; for death's menace
he little cared,

Since there had not on all the earth one loving heart
to him been spared.
And so he begged for GAFFER'S place and through
Antietam's* bloody fray
He bore the flag with flashing eyes till our brave
boys had won the day.
Wherever fiercest raged the fight, wherever fastest
fell the brave,
There, high above the flame and smoke was HARRY'S
banner sure to wave,
But still amid that fearful rain of cannon shot and
shell and ball
Death mocked him, like a coy coquette, scarce ventu-
ring near him through it all.
Three months sped on; our army lay along the Rap-
pahannock's banks,
Waiting to hurl its strength once more against fell
treason's bristling ranks.
Waiting to give, in freedom's cause, once more a
harvest of brave lives;
Lives dear to many darkened hearths, lives dear to
many anxious wives.
And there to HARRY came, one morn, the letter he
so long had prayed,
Yet now its privacy he felt scarce strength of pur-
pose to invade.

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*The battle of Chantilly was fought Sept. 1st and Antietam Sept. 5th 1862.

Oh, how the frost fell on his heart as this short
sentence sharp he read:
"I 've sarched the woods and from the signs conclude
MANOMIN must be dead!"
His brain swam wildly and all earth seemed spinning
giddily around;
Convulsively he clutched at space, then reeled and
fell upon the ground.
He 'd wandered off into a grove ere he had ventured
to unseal
His letter, that no one should see what his emotions
might reveal.
He did not faint, but nearly so; his heart grew cold
and numb and still,
His nerves seemed palsied and divorced from their
allegiance to his will.
But by and by his paleness fled, once more his cheeks
their color knew,
And with his heart's pain in his eyes he read the
dreadful letter through:

"We 're back again, all safe and sound, cleaned out,
but glad it is no wus,
I do not think the redskins come much nearer than
your place to us.
They thar sheered off and went around and struck
the prairie way below.

That Dutchman's claim at Maple Lake, and tuk the "'old trail'" road, I know;
And consequently nary house jest hereabout 'cept yourn was burned,
Though, blast their hides, they've done too much to make me love them, I'll be durned!
I went across to your old place to see if I could get some clue,
Some sign that daylight might reveal, of whar that gal of yourn went tu.
The house and stable both are burnt; oh 'tis too cussed bad I swear,
I tell you now, my dander riz at thoughts of what last happened there!
Now, HARRY, comes the painful part; the hope I had has now quite fled;
I've sarched the woods and from the signs conclude MANOMIN must be dead!
I found some bones picked clean and bare, some small leg bones, a hand and head,
And buried them down by the brook; oh yes, I'm sure the gal is dead."

Thus fell his last remaining hope and he determined in his mind,
If rebel balls would only strike, he would not long remain behind!

Next morning he was put to test: three times the
engineers had tried
To make the string of pontoons fast across upon the
other side.
But rebel rifles raining death, from Rappahannock's
southern bank,
Had so appalled this corps of men that from the
bloody task they shrank.
Then eight brave fellows volunteered and HARRY
was among the eight;
Across the stream in open boat defiantly they paddled
straight.
Now one, now two, now three went down, ere they
had reached the sheltering shore,
But quickly finishing their work the eager men be-
gan to pour
In living streams across the bridge, and mounting
rapidly the hill
Instinctively deployed in line, and charged the earth-
works with a will!
Then earnestly the fight began, far up and down
that river's shore
Was one vast sea of rushing men, and cheer and
flash, and smoke and roar!
And recklessly did HARRY fight; rushing where
thickest fell the shot,
And though he envied all who fell and courted death,
he found it not!

Then furiously he charged the guns and fought the gunners, hand to hand,
Yet still he fell not but was dragged away by one of his command.
For, all the valor of our men the bloody field had failed to gain;
"Fall back, fall back" the trumpets blew; five thousand lives were lost in vain!
Five thousand lives! and for each one some living heart would shriek in pain,
Yet HARRY lived who thought that none were left to mourn had he been slain.
Our army then re-crossed the stream, whipped by bad generalship alone,
For, by the *men* in no fight yet was more determined valor shown.
Then came a blank of five long months, five wretched months of fear and doubt,
When grave men shook their heads and said, "God only knows how 'twill come out!"
Then in the balmy month of May, in two commands, at dead of night,
Our army crossed that stream once more, a second time renewed the fight.
Two piteous days of fearful strife, two harvest days for reaper Death,
Who held high revelry amid that smoking battle's sulphurous breath;

Two days of seconds measured off by drops of blood,
from hearts that beat
The last life throbs of dying men, and then — what
then? *one more defeat!!*
Right gallantly each soldier fought, and HARRY, in
brave BIRNEY'S corps,
There on that field of Chancellorville outdid all deeds
he 'd done before!
When STONEWALL JACKSON'S furious men came sweep-
ing down upon their flank
How lightning like his rifle flashed; and many a
headlong rebel sank
Forever down, to rise no more, before its withering,
upas breath,
His treason thus, in some small sense, made dimmer
by the sponge of death!
But HARRY lived to fight again; and soon at Gettys-
burg he lay
In line with BARNUM'S* Empire boys, keeping the
rebel ranks at bay!
A July's sun hung overhead, blistering the very
earth beneath,
Tinging with red the battle's smoke that rose in many
a graceful wreath,
As if to twine about the brows of patriot spirits, as
they rose

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*General HENRY A. BARNUM of Syracuse, N. Y., then Colonel of the 149th N. Y. Vols., raised in central New York.

At every battle throb from where their bodies lay
in death's repose!
For three long days the air was thick with viewless
messengers of death,
And heavy with the voided grime of half a thousand
cannons' breath!
And every second men went down beneath that rain
of shot and shell,
And all about where HARRY stood, his comrades every
moment fell.
Yet not a hair of him was touched, for him no fatal
missile sped,
He stood upon enchanted ground between the living
and the dead!
With glorious victory was crowned this last, fierce
effort of our boys,
And Independence Day* imbued with fresher cause
for annual joys.
Not all the laurel wreaths that hung about the mem'-
ries of that field,
Could unto HARRY'S mourning heart one throb of
pleased emotion yield!
And now how burdensome was life, as idle days went
shuffling by;
He only seemed to live but when in battle's front he
sought to die!

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*The battle of Gettysburg and the siege of Vicksburg came to a triumphant conclusion on July 4th 1863.

But by and by an order came, and to the West he was transferred,
And heartily he prayed that now the boon he craved might be conferred!

November's morn was clear and chill and Lookout Mountain's base was blue
With old Potomac's veteran boys, led on by gallant HOOKER, true.
Three battle lines extended up the rough declivity to where
A long, high pallisade of rock frowned grimly down in silence there.
The Hundred Forty-Ninth New York, by gallant BARNUM swiftly led,
Around the shoulder of the hill dashed on with free and careless tread.
And from the rifle pits, like bees, they drove the rebels quickly out,
Then rushing up the rocky steep charged on the batteries with a shout!
They snatched five rebel ensigns down and captured prisoners in crowds,
While proudly o'er the rebel works their colors streamed, above the clouds!
And where was HARRY while that storm of shrieking shot and screaming shell,

Of rifle balls and sweeping grape, all round those
veteran columns fell?
With blazing eyes and throbbing heart and firm set
teeth and flowing hair
He bore, bare-headed, up the steep his country's
dear old banner there!
He was the first to reach and plant his flag upon the
mountain's crown,
And as he swung his cap and cheered a lingering
rebel shot him down!
His comrades gathered quickly round and tenderly
they raised his head—
"Oh sergeant, lift me to my feet, help me stand up,"
he faintly said;
"Oh boys, this is a glorious morn! Away on Mission
Ridge now shines
Our country's banner in the sun, and gleam our long
victorious lines!
And here *we* are on Lookout's crown; below a mist
the view enshrouds;
Oh, God! I thank thee for this death, in triumph
here above the clouds!
Oh, sergeant, I shall soon be gone; I soon shall
know a glorious birth;
Then raise me up a little more and let me bid fare-
well to earth!
Dear mother earth, I loved thee once; thy roughest
features once to me

Were lines of loveliness, but now I joy, old earth,
at leaving thee!
For many and many a month, dear earth, I've
walked thy bosom in despair!
But now, oh, God be praised, old earth, I'm going
where my loved ones are!
Oh, sergeant, see those shining forms, my sister,
mother, father too,
And thousands more I do not know; wait, wait,
I'm coming unto you!
Oh, comrades, let my grave be made above the clouds
up here in light!
Good bye, old earth — oh, boys, good bye — now lay
me down — oh, world, good night!"

PART TWENTY-SECOND.

THE SAVIOR AND THE SAVED—AN INDIAN LOVER—THE CANOE JOURNEY OF TWO HUNDRED MILES—THE INDIAN VILLAGE AT LEECH LAKE—MANOMIN'S WRETCHEDNESS AND DESPAIR—MORE HEARTACHES THAN ONE.

Now let us turn to that sad night—that night that HARRY clambered down
'Mid heart-felt welcomes from the coach, at Douglas County's county-town.
The day had been a sultry one and round and red the sun had set,
And RICHARD wiped his brow and said: "To-morrow will be hotter yet."
All day among his bending grain most resolutely he had swung
His heavy cradle, without rest, excepting when the whetstone rung
Its sonorous peans on his scythe, saying as plain as tongue could say:
"To work, to work, oh idlers all, be of some use in this your day!"

Across Lake Ida's surface lay the golden tresses of the sun;
But shortening fast with every pulse, they vanished, and the day was done.
With every outward door swung back no panel barred the threshold, wide,
Of RICHARD'S dwelling, or shut out the glimpse of happy life inside.
The evening meal was long since o'er, and every trace of it put by,
And all the household gathered round without one cloud upon the sky,
The social sky, of their bright world, which goes to prove, despite the din
Of brimstone clergy, heaven is found, and *only* to be found, *within*.
There is not, neither can there be, in space's vast dominion, wide,
An *outward* cause to curse the soul—its heaven or hell must spring inside.
While innocently thus they sat, not dreaming aught of harm was nigh,
Toward the house six painted Sioux were creeping stealthily and sly.
Then sudden as the lightning's stroke there was a blinding flash and roar,
And RICHARD THORNTON headlong plunged, a bleeding corpse upon the floor!

With fury flashing from her eyes MANOMIN sprang
and seized her gun;
Another roar and she, too, fell as murdered RICHARD
had just done.
They then with hellish leisure, next, shot ESTHER
and her father down,
And stabbed the child and cut her throat and snatched
a trophy from her crown.
For whisky they then searched and searched, and
finding none they stripped the dead
And gashed them horribly, and nailed against the
wall the old man's head!
While they were rumaging the house, ransacking all
the rooms o'erhead,
MANOMIN dragged herself away, for though shot
through she was not dead.
Her absence they discovered soon and forth they fared
to bring her back,
"Hush! hark!" and quick as cats they crouch and
creep along the forest track.
'Twas HARRY'S party drawing near, and stimulated
by their hate
The Indians rushed to take more blood, but quickly
met a murderer's fate.
PEWAUBEC, son of BIG DOG* had encamped that
night on Ida's shore,

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*Chief of the Leech Lake Band of Ojibways.

And as he walked toward the house was checked by
the first rifle roar,
And crouching down behind some brush he lay and
saw with inward pain,
The hellish deeds which he well knew he had no
power to restrain.
For had he been discovered there their frenzied joy
had passed belief;
Earth has no glory for a Sioux like scalping an
Ojibway chief!
When they went stealing off to meet the little party
in the wood
He rushed up to the house to see if he could yet
do any good.
The ghastly sight that met his eyes at once assured
him all was o'er,
When from the brush along the bluff that ran close
by the kitchen door
He heard a groan, and thinking first it might be some
Dacotah* snare,
He cautiously approached the spot; but 'twas MANO-
MIN lying there!
MANOMIN! how his throbbing heart sent the blood
spinning to his head —
He raised her as he would a child and toward the
lake with rapid tread.

---

*Another name for the Sioux

He bore her tenderly, and laid her down upon a bed of furs
In his canoe, and speedily from its beach moorings loosened hers.
Together then, with moose-wood line, the two canoes he quickly tied,
And soon the savior and the saved were gliding o'er the waters wide!
When in the brush MANOMIN fell external consciousness had fled,
And now, as it came struggling back, she gazed upon the stars o'erhead,
And tried to summon the events of the past hour, but the pain
That darted through her, as she stirred, induced unconsciousness again.
There was a long point making out from Ida's timbered, eastern shore,
Due northward from the dwelling house and distant half a mile or more;
And when PEWAUBEC rounded this he turned his course toward the land,
And in a quiet little nook he drew the boats upon the strand.
Then with a woman's tenderness, softly and carefully did he
Lift up MANOMIN, couch and all, and place her underneath a tree.

He plucked some "balm of Gilead*" leaves and bruising them expressed the juice
Which, in a curious birchen dish, he set one side for further use.
He then undid a roll of things† and drawing forth a linen sack
Tore off some bandages and put with care the precious remnant back.
A small bright fire next he built near by his patient on the ground,
Then with his hunting knife removed the garments from about the wound.
The second sternal bone was pierced and after traversing a line
Descending and a little curved, the bullet issued near the spine.
That it was a most dangerous hurt PEWAUBEC felt quite well assured,

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*The balm of Gilead tree with its odorous, healing foliage grows profusely on the shores of Lake Ida, in Douglas County, Minn.

†The Minnesota Ojibway Indians — or Chippeways as they are sometimes called — always make their excursions in summer time in light birch bark canoes, and never set out from home without first making up a bundle of things, among which will be found some clean empty linen bags to get meal, flour, salt, or any such article, from the settlers when they reach the settlements. PEWAUBEC — whose name signifies *iron* — was the only son of BIG DOG, the chief of the Leech Lake Ojibways. Leech Lake was distant about two hundred miles from THORNTON'S house on Lake Ida, due north, and the numerous lakes between Ida and Leech Lake are all strung together by connecting streams.

And fruitful of sharp, shooting pains, and difficult of being cured.
He bathed it tenderly and dropped some clean bear's oil within the wound,
And pouring in some balm he wrapped his bandages quite tight around
Her bust entire, and then placed her gently in the boat once more,
Pushed off, and all that night he plied, without one resting spell, his oar.
When consciousness returned again MANOMIN lay some little time,
Perplexed to know if she was still on earth or in some happier clime.
Her ears were filled with songs of birds! how clear and soft and sweet the air!
While she was gently, gently swung within some fairy bower there.
All round her fragrant foliage hung, softening the percolating light;
Oh, had she then in truth passed through death's dismal, rayless vale of night?
If so, where were the radiant ones she fondly hoped would meet her there?
She listened, but no life but bird's was there apparent anywhere.
She turned her head: "Why, how is this? I'm lying in a boat, I see,

And on some stream, but moored beneath this low, thick overhanging tree.
Now I remember! oh, my God! my mem'ry serves me but too well!
So vividly that fearful scene, of where poor father THORNTON fell,
Cruelly murdered, who, good man, had never wronged a being yet,
Deep in the marrow of my brain is stamped, I never *can* forget!
But I was shot, what more was done, oh God, too surely I might know,
All murdered without doubt, but then how came I here in this canoe?
This is no vile Dacotah's boat! Oh heav'ns, how fiercely through my heart
Rushed all my wild Ojibway blood when forth those dogs of Sioux did start!
But I am rescued! and I know this is the *chemon** of a chief;
And my glad heart cries out "*megwitch*!†" to him who came to my relief.
For oh, I do not want to die until one loving arm, I know,
Shall clasp me round and one *dear* head bend o'er me lovingly and low!"

---

*Canoe. †Thanks!

Her further meditations here were broken by a rifle shot,
So near and clear it made her start, and for an instant she forgot
That she was on Ojibway ground, moored in an obscure, quiet stream,
And without meaning it she gave a half suppressed, sharp, nervous scream.
There was a sound of bounding feet, a strong, swift rushing through the wood,
The branches o'er her swung apart, and gazing through PEWAUBEC stood!
She raised her hand but could not speak, but eloquently her dark eyes
Poured forth her soul's deep gratitude, not tricked in affectation's guise,
But springing pure and unalloyed from out her being's inmost seat,
Fell on PEWAUBEC'S thirsty soul like floods of heaven's nectar, sweet.
"You must not move or speak," he said; "I 've killed a partridge and will soon
Prepare some broth that you may dine, for by the sun 'tis nearly noon."
He shut the branches and was gone and as his footfall died away
She closed her eyes and thought how much she'd reason to thank God that day.

PEWAUBEC had prepared his camp down near the
lake's white, wave-washed shore;
From where MANOMIN'S boat was moored 'twas
distant twenty rods or more.
For here was water to be had and plenty of dry
driftwood, too,
Besides, an Indian always lies, if trav'ling in 't, near
his canoe.
With careful hand PEWAUBEC cleaned his partridge,
and the breast, quite fine
Chopped up with his sharp hunting knife, upon a
trencher of white pine.
All of the pieces of the bird into the kettle, scoured
bright,
He put, with water and with salt, then rubbed his
kindling wood alight,
And as the fragrant steam arose, a spoon he fashioned,
neat and small,
Of fine grained, delicate white ash for her to eat her
broth withal.
You should have seen him as he stood up to his
middle in the brook,
Feeding MANOMIN tenderly, a lover's fondness in
his look.
A lover's! ah, poor dusky child! chief, and a proud
one, though you be,
Although that maiden bears thy blood her *love* stoops
not to such as thee!

Between the one who holds her heart and thy grave nation's loftiest chief
A chasm yawns which all your love could never bridge, in her belief.
Two weeks and more with watchful care PEWAUBEC plied his busy oar,
Until the wigwams of his tribe loomed up, one morn on Leech Lake's shore.
With thick leaved boughs he 'd canopied the boat wherein MANOMIN lay,
So closely woven as to turn the burning sunlight all away.
And over this, on rainy days long rolls of birchen bark he drew,
Also at night that her fair face might not be wetted with the dew.
Each night he bathed and dressed her wound with that fine delicacy and care
That marks the truly gentle heart, and is so winning and so rare!
He had forbidden her to speak so long as her pierced lung felt sore,
Therefore no word did they exchange in all that fourteen days and more.
His gun and fish spear yielded them a sure subsistence every day.
While luscious berries and wild plums were found abundant on the way.

And thus a fortnight flitted on, until, as I have said before,
The wigwams of his tribe loomed up one grateful morn on Leech Lake's shore.
While yet far out upon the lake sharp eyes his coming had descried,
And that an object strange he towed had quite as quickly been espied;
Out from that depth of giant pines the curious crowds came swarming down,
Along the gracefully curved beach and round the moorings of the town.
From little bays along the shore and every reedy nook and brake
Loaded canoes shot thickly forth to meet the young chief on the lake.
In hurried sentences he told the foremost ones what had occurred,
And bade them turn their boats about and tell those coming what they'd heard,
Then to the village hasten back and have an easy litter made,
Whereon in comfort might be borne the weary, wasted, wounded maid,
And have his wigwam cleared and cleaned, and with new mats the roof repaired,
Make ready some clean bandages and have some cordials prepared.

His orders strictly were obeyed and soon MANOMIN'S weary head
Pressed in deep rest and gratefulness the downy pillows of her bed.
Right glad was she that her own sex her wants henceforward would attend.
And speedily beneath their care her fearful wound began to mend.
How fared it with PEWAUBEC now? Long, solitary walks he 'd take,
Or all alone in his canoe would often row far down the lake.
Within the garden of his heart, way down the long ago, had sprung
Beneath MANOMIN'S winsome ways, and the sweet prattle of her tongue,
The hardy, climbing plant of love; and as it once sought to entwine,
In after years, about *her* heart a frost pinched back the venturous vine;
A frost of dignified rebuke, a frost almost as keen as scorn
Cut back the plant upon his heart, with many a lacerating thorn.
For though this plant bears sweetest flowers while 'neath requited love it grows,
Yet beaten down, its thorns become sharper than those which guard the rose.

And at that time she had not given to HARRY THORNTON the rich flower
Of her young love, which bloomed unseen within her spirit's inmost bower.
But *now*, that their two lives were knit together like a warp and woof
How could PEWAUBEC cherish hope? What could he do but stand aloof?
But stand aloof and wait, and wait, with face so calm *she* would not guess
Beneath his calmness writhed a heart in fearful spasms of distress.
He so determined, and each day would take his stand beside her bed,
Give her condolence o'er her grief and point to brighter skies ahead.
Reminding her of coming joys, when war should loose its crimson clutch
Upon the gallant soldier lad by whom she was beloved so much;
And sing Ojibway songs to her, and daily thus performed his part
So well, MANOMIN never dreamed that love for her gnawed at his heart.

The ground was whitening o'er with snow, which lodging on the evergreen

That garlanded those druid pines, made up a rare and gorgeous scene.
MANOMIN daily gained in strength, and on this day essayed to write
To HARRY, a concise account of all that happened on that night —
That fearful night the murdering Sioux shot down her dear ones in cold blood,
And how PEWAUBEC saved and bore her o'er two hundred miles of flood.
She sent her letter to Crow Wing whence it was posted on its way,
But never came to HARRY'S hand and never has, unto this day.
The winter passed and with light feet came tripping in the balmy hours,
With wreaths of sunbeams round their heads and clothed in odors of sweet flowers.
Now every day, returning home, came Indians, singly and in crews,
Who had been trapping down below, with fragmentary bits of news.
MANOMIN learned the house was burned and all the settlers had fled,
"Two men were shot down in the woods close by to THORNTON'S house," they said,
"That very night," and then the thought, swifter than lightning through her thrilled —

"We looked for HARRY at that time; it must have been that he was killed!
"Oh, yes, it *surely* must have been, for now 'tis seven months, and more,
Since I last wrote, and if alive he would have answered long before;
Who could the other one have been? Poor Uncle DARLING, I've no doubt —
What would I not most gladly give to find this matter truly out?"
About a fortnight after this the trader at that post came back;
He'd been as far down as St. Cloud, and had some papers in his pack.
He sunned away MANOMIN'S fears, assured her DARLING was all right,
That he and HARRY killed six Sioux near THORNTON'S house that awful night:
That DARLING had been over there and "ransacked all around," he said,
And wrote to HARRY that he thought "from all the signs, you must be dead."
"And when I told him differently you should have seen the man's delight,
He clapped his hands and danced and laughed, and wrote to HARRY that same night.
I saw the broad grave in his yard where all the THORNTONS are interred.

ED. WRIGHT and AUSTIN are the ones about whose killing you have heard."
He told her of the different fights and "in them," Uncle DARLING said,
"I reckon me and HARRY knocked a hundred red-skins on the head!"
"He is the only man but one who has yet ventured home again,
And when I left, ten days ago, he was just dragging in his grain.
Here are some papers I have brought, I think you'll find some news in them;
I see old GAFFER has been killed, that most mysterious of men.
And Uncle DARLING bade me say, although as yet, no single word,
Since they had parted near St. Paul, from soldier HARRY he had heard,
Yet he was feeding on the hope of letters coming every day,
And the first one that he received he'd forward to you, right away,
But in the mean time while it seems as everything was upside down,
He thinks you'd find no safer place than in this little Indian town."
So thought MANOMIN and remained, and as those long, long weeks went by,

And brought no word from him she loved how oft
she'd steal away and cry.
Often and often she had writ and why unanswered
could not tell —
So powerless all her efforts were to break or pierce
the mystic spell
That seemed surrounding her like brass; what was
it? could it then be *fate?*
She would not grant it and resolved to curb her
swelling soul and *wait!*
Wait with a quiet placid front while hope grew sick
within her heart,
And nervous, gloomy fear usurped its chamber, and
would not depart.
So sped the summer months away, and saucy autumn,
bold and brown,
Scattering its coin of golden leaves laughed gaily
through that Indian town.
The blackbirds sang their farewell notes, the lingering
loons' adieus were heard,
And early snows on tiptoe came and yet from *him*
no word! no word!
And in the stillness of the night, when she should
long have been asleep,
She'd turn her face toward the wall and wring her
hands and weep and weep!
And often through the day forget to play her calm,
impassioned part,

And shadows, rising to her face, betrayed the darkness of her heart.
PEWAUBEC grieved for her but thought if there were deeper depths of woe
Than hope deferred, to wring the soul, that sharper pang was his to know.
Poor lonesome, wretched, heart-sick girl, how can my feeble pen, unskilled,
Portray her desolation when she learned her lover had been killed?

PART TWENTY-THIRD.

HARRY RECOVERS—IS PROMOTED—THE ARMY AT LOST MOUNTAIN—HARRY RELATES THE EXPERIENCE OF HIS TRANCE—WHAT HE SAW IN THE SUMMER LAND—THE FOUNDLING HOUSE AND CHILDREN'S PLAY GROUND—A LECTURE IN A CELESTIAL TEMPLE—THE BATTLE PEAL—"FALL IN! FALL IN!"

"BRING here that stretcher! lively, boys! there's much to do," the surgeon said,
"This lad, though very badly hurt, has only swooned, he is not dead!"
They lifted up the wounded one and bore him tenderly away,
And in a state of syncope for days and days poor HARRY lay.
The rueful, chilly weeks went by, now white with January's snow,
Now dripping with the rains of March, now radiant with the lovely glow

Of May's sweet presence, young and fair, then redolent and all atune
With glorious rose-breath, and the soft, sweet voices of the birds of June.
And day by day and week by week did HARRY'S sun of health arise,
And rosier grew his ashen cheek and warmer glowed his kindling eyes;
And soon at war's hot, flaming forge, with cheerful heart and willing hand,
Freedom's bold, skilful artisan, once more he nobly took his stand.
But now no knapsack weighed him down, he grasped his gleaming gun no more,
A captain HARRY had been made and pistols and a sword he wore.
Around "Lost Mountain's" rocky base, at close of one warm summer day,
Far down in Georgia, SHERMAN'S hosts ready for battle grimly lay.
The soft, round moon was climbing up the airy staircase of the skies,
And quiet, dreamy stars looked down as peacefully as angels' eyes.
The surgeon sat in HARRY'S tent watching the moonbeams as they played
Among the rows of arms astack, when, turning suddenly, he said: —

"I say, my boy, tell us the tale you've often promised to, some day,
Of what befell you in the while that you at death's dark doorway lay;
Procrastination is a thief that filches time, is truly said,
So if you feel in trim to-night to spin the yarn, just heave ahead!"
"Most willingly I will, my friend, and 'tis a curious tale, forsooth,
Though valuable the more to you, who will be sure it is the truth:
After I bade adieu to earth a heavy, drowsy feeling stole
All through my being's avenues, and seemed to seize my very soul.
The mellow, rosy light grew dark, my dear ones' faces fled my sight,
And I seemed stranded, for a space, upon the death-lashed shores of night.
But gradually the light returned, again my dear ones gathered round,
And loving lips were pressed to mine and tender arms were softly wound
Around me in a close embrace, and fairy fingers smoothed my hair,
But *she*, whom I had *died to see* — heart of my heart! — *she was not there!*

As when, the heavy midnight air, a flash of lightning swiftly cleaves
And then the great, unmeasured void in deeper, thicker darkness leaves,
So, like a sword, this keen truth cut my spirit to its very core,
And left behind it a deep sting, far sharper than I'd felt before.
A deep, humiliating sense of how perversely I had tried
To rend this robe of flesh away without resort to suicide
Burned like a coal within my breast, and made me long for earth again
To bide my fuller time; but oh, I thought this hope was all in vain!
My guardians had perceived my thoughts, and that I stood there self accused,
Ashamed and saddened that God's love I had so foolishly abused
As to grow restive 'neath events Time's onward sweep had brought about,
And, like a wayward, fretful child, from life's great schoolroom had rushed out!
Then drawing near they gently said: "'Tis well your monitor reproves
Your headlong haste to wrench away your chains of flesh, and it behoves

You well to listen to its voice, and by the mem'ry
of your pain
Determine not strive against its plain admonishments
again.
Know, then, your body is *not dead*, and soon again
you will resume
Its dark habiliments, and all its obligations re-as-
sume.
She, whom you yearned for, is not here; it is not
ours to tell you more;
For doubts, uncertainties, mishaps are given to your
earthly shore
For you to battle with and solve, endure and yet
again endure;
They are the em'ry wheels of life that keep your
spirits bright and pure.'"
I now looked round me and observed I stood near
where my body fell;
I saw you feeling of its heart, and most distinctly
heard you tell
The stretcher bearers to make haste, and as they bore
it off, behold!
A long, fine line united us, brighter by far than
burnished gold.
"'Where'er you go,'" my guardians said, '"this line
will bind you to your form,
And, like the line that keeps the ship fast to the
anchor in the storm,

Will hold you firmly to the earth, where you must
soon again return,
And for a further space submit the lower laws of
life to learn.'"
My friends thronged round me, now, in crowds, and
for a while, bewildered, I
Could only shake their hands and laugh, and laugh
and shake their hands and cry!
I thought I knew what 'twas to feel deep, strong
emotions sweep the heart,
But oh, a sense of that wild joy I know no words
that could impart!
"'Come,'" said my guardians, "'time flies fast with
you, who still are of the earth,
Come, glean awhile in fields of truth; come, gather
gems of royal worth!'"
And as through space we sped like light with no
apparent moving cause,
Much did I speculate upon this motion and its source
and laws;
Which when perceived my guardians said, "'*We* move
by the same law that you,
When chained to earth with clogs of flesh, tugged at
by gravitation, do.
Whene'er you wish to move about your *will* says
firmly, "'*go I must*,'"
And straightway it proceeds to *go*—dragging about
its load of dust.

Hast never seen the acrobat, who springs in air and spins thrice round,
Alighting neatly and exact, square on his feet upon the ground?
If then *his will*, with all its load, shall move through space so free and swift,
Ought not *our wills* to do much more with no such weight of flesh to lift?"
We were now passing over groves, and gently-undulating hills,
Sweet little nooks, and tinkling brooks, and dancing waterfalls and rills.
Small lakes, as clear as mirrors turned their flashing faces toward the sky,
Fringed by tall trees whose trunks appeared like pillars of rich porphyry.
All of the larger streams were bridged by fairy structures of one span,
Whose fine material no words I know of could describe to man.
Anon an edifice arose, far more than Babel towering high,
And stretching on through fields and groves further than scope of mortal eye.
Its timbers seemed like beams of light, finer than finest crystal glass;
Its architectural design the highest mind could not surpass,

Neither of earth nor of the skies, "for all the brightest ones above
Contributed to raise this pile, under the inspiring call of love,—
Love for the little still-born babes that come, like spotless flakes of snow,
Each moment from some home of earth, whose darker life they never know.
Here in this house—their "'Father's house of many mansions'" in the skies,
These little throbs of Father God first learn the office of their eyes—
First learn to *be*, to act and think, feel that they hold immortal life;
But those emotions, strong and deep, perfected by your earthly strife,
They lack, and never will possess; so envy not their early birth
Into this life, but rather pray to grow and ripen on the earth!"
Oh, God! it was a sight to see, from every quarter of the sky,
The guardian angels flocking in to this great Foundling House on high!
Each in its bosom bearing up a little palpitating gem,
But worth, in all its helplessness, more than the richest diadem!

And this great play-ground of the spheres was all
aflash with childish fun —
Here fair-haired Saxons leaped and played with Afric's
scions of the sun,
And sweet Circassian girls and boys and dark-eyed,
graceful youth of Ind
Mingled their greetings and their games, free and
impartial as the wind!
It seemed to me I could have lived forever in that
merry din,
Breathing the pureness of its life, drinking its holy
spirit in.
But my two guardians bade me on, and soon we
reached a radiant wood,
Where, vaster than the ends of earth, an airy, glit-
tering temple stood.
"'Here meet the millions of the world that long ago
have passed away,
The noble, wise and lovely minds — the history-beacons
of their day!
Here are devised the thousand things that mark the
progress of your earth, —
Here locomotives, telegraphs and telescopes sprang
into birth;
Here all industrial implements, now used by man,
were first bethought;
The secret of the camera was first within this temple
caught;

And all the rising policies that mark the upward stride of man,
Up to the present hour of time, here had their rise, here first began!
Come in the lecture room and hear if there may not be some wise word,
Some priceless wisdom-gem let drop that will enrich you to have heard.'"
They led the way through leagues of aisles, arcades, rotundas, corridors,
With soft, warm, glowing roofs o'erhead, beneath, rich, noiseless amber floors!
Within the auditorium, vaster than earth's blue arching sky,
Where seats, packed full of shining ones, ran round in ample circles high,
We took our place amid the hosts — both sexes — gathered there to hear
A treatise on Familiar Things, by teachers from the Seventh Sphere,
"'I see,'" one of my guardians said, "'your mind is not exactly clear
On how it happens *here* should be a lower and a higher sphere —
On earth the self same law prevails, and spheres are numerous there as here,
But oft o'erridden — wealth, sometimes, buying its owner a *false* sphere

There are no riches here except the wealth of wisdom and of love,
Each soul, unerring, knows its sphere when born into this life above!'"
He ceased, and then upon my mind the speaker's thoughts fell clear and bright——
"'Thus have I tried to prove to you that naught exists except the *Right;*
Eternal Father God *alone* fills all the endless realm of space;
He is an integral of *Good*—for other Pow'r *there is no place!*
There is no special point in space where God is, more than other where;
Man braves the sea—while strangling him it tells him plainly, *God is there!*
He leaps from off a precipice, and by sharp pains, and broken bones,
Or loss of life, is told, *God's here!* in unmistakably clear tones,—
Falls into fire, and is taught by the disorganizing flame
That God is also present *there*, and is, as everywhere, the same
Great Living Order of All Things, against whom man can never sin!
Whose *Life is Law*—impartial, stern, and knows no *outward*, no *within!*

Out from His life the planets sprung, as fruit from life
within the tree,
And *planet laws of life* have raised up man to im-
mortality!
What soul was asked, *would it be born?* would it be
wakened into life,
To toil and sweat, 'mid doubt and fear to eat the bitter
bread of strife,
Blinded by Priestcraft, robbed by law, taxed by its
rulers for each breath,
Consuming tons and tons of life to be in turn con-
sumed by death!
And then, by the "'"enlightened world"'" when it
has reached this "'"*far off shore*"'" (!)
If not immersed, be damned by some, and *if* immersed
be damned by more!
Law, pitiless, impartial law, moved by the vital force
of God,
Developed Man from forms of life lower than ornament
the sod.
He comes, a puling, helpless babe, that may be barely
said to live,
And *how* or *why* he grows and thrives the faintest
reason cannot give.
He *grows just as the grasses grow*, no special law for
him was made;
He blooms, decays, he falls and dies, his *body* in the
earth is laid,

But *he* dies not, forevermore—he is the *ultimate* of life!
And will for age refine and rise, no matter through what line of strife
He has fulfilled the mandate, stern, that brought him on and off the earth,
No matter in what barb'rous age was cast the hour of his birth;
No matter to what creed he clung, or if he clung to none at all;
No matter whose poor slave he was, or who have trembled at *his* call;
He still is God's own darling child, the choicest product of His life,
And though he may for ages show the scars and bruises of earth's strife,
Yet at the last, refined and bright, his gladdened soul with joy will rise
And with hosannas unto God march up the causeway of the skies!
Go bear to all the ends of earth, wherever gropes a brother man,
And profer him these living truths, revealments of the mighty plan.
God raises up no *special* ones as *leaders* of the toiling mass,
All such are ministers of *Pride*—a worthless, self-commissioned class

Who, for the living that they get, load down the mind
with error's chains;
Cast off these *incubii — digest your mental food through
your own brains!*
What is a dinner howe'er rich or life sustaining,
worth to you,
To build your wasting form up, which some other
stomach has passed through?
On all beneath him man refines, and we in turn on
man refine,
The highest working next below, clear up through all
the endless line.
And naught is Wrong and all is Right ——" here
rang the trumpets' battle peal,
"Fall in! fall in! steady, my men! *Fire!!* Now give
them the cold steel!"
A sad and bloody comment on the pleasant theory
above —
A sharp, hard argument against the growing potency
of love,
Was the fierce strife of headlong men that woke the
echoes round that hill,
Whose endless, multiplying tongues like screaming
devils screeched, "*kill! kill!*"
*But still it is a truth for all, that will live on and shine
for aye,*
*When deadly passions long have slept with all the low
things that decay!*

PART TWENTY-FOURTH.

SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN IN GEORGIA—FROM ATLANTA TO CHATTANOOGA—SHERMAN'S GREAT MARCH TO THE SEA—HARRY'S LETTER FROM SAVANNAH—THE END OF THE WAR—HARRY'S LAST LETTER TO MANOMIN—HIS SENTIMENTS UPON THE ASSASSINATION OF LINCOLN.

ONE hundred days of ceaseless toil, hard marching
over hills and rocks,
Through forests, glades and swamps and streams,
daily administering hard knocks
To treason's groggy, battered crown — more than two
thousand trying hours,
And then our brave boys cried "Hurrah! Atlanta
is forever ours!"
Upon Lost Mountain's rugged steep and rocky Ken-
esaw's high crown,
At Smyrna, Camp-ground, Peach-tree Creek, was
many a gallant life laid down.
But now the rough campaign was o'er, and a brief
period of rest
Was granted to those faithful boys — our glorious
Army of the West.

There, after wandering around, from point to point,
and post to post,
For some two hundred days or more, like an unhappy,
restless ghost,
Came Uncle DARLING'S last brief note, informing
HARRY of the place
Where lived that special presence he loved most of
all the human race.
He dreamed not as he read with joy its rude, rough
characters, that day,
The warm, true heart that coined them was a cold and
lifeless lump of clay.*
His soul brimmed over with delight—he saw the
unborn future's hours
Come tripping up, all wreathed in smiles and crowned
with Hope's most precious flowers.
A constant, true and loving heart still hungered for
him on the earth,
Still hoped and waited, yearned and prayed to be
delivered from its dearth;
Still looked to see some angel hand reach down and
save it from despair;—
The letter HARRY wrote that night was Heaven's
answer to its prayer.
Oh, what a flood of earnest love, long pent within
his swelling soul,

*See the article at the commencement of this volume headed "In Memoriam."

Now poured its ardent volume forth along his letter's lengthy scroll.
He told her all the fearful things that had befallen since the night,
His reason trembled on its throne in terror at the dreadful sight
Of mother, father, sister, all he thought that earth for him held dear
Murdered and mangled horribly, ere he could reach them though so near.
He told her how he thought *her* dead, and what a boil his heart became,
And how he sought her at death's door through every battle's smoke and flame!
"And when at last that door swung wide and with swift feet I hurried through,
'Twas but to find a broader gulf was stretched between myself and you!"
He begged her to go down below ere winter should, with icy hand,
Palsy the streams, or with huge drifts of blinding snow blockade the land;
"For if you should not, oh, my own! no word of love, the winter through,
No word to cheer our waiting hearts can be exchanged between us two.
Then come below, down to St. Cloud, or better yet, down to St. Paul,

And there in patient hope await whatever fortune may befall
Him whose uncertain pathway lies along war's dangerous, lurid track,
Who, having hold of Freedom's plow, until the end, will not look back.
Enclosed I send you names of friends, some comrades' families, who live
In good condition at St. Paul and who, I know, will gladly give
You room and welcome just as long as it may please you to remain,
So start at once, come down, come down; pray, let me not beseech in vain!"

Savannah's broad and silvan streets were swarming with our "boys in blue,"
Who said they'd come from Tennessee because they'd nothing else to do!
But on their path full many a heart, unhoused, in desolation wept —
A track through Georgia, miles in width, with war's red besom they had swept!
And HARRY, who with all the rest marched from Atlanta to the sea,
Was writing to MANOMIN there beneath a "Pride-of-India" tree: —

"My Darling — since I wrote you last, how have
the fleeting hours sped!
A hundred more historic days down Time's long cor-
ridor have fled!
Scarce had I mailed my last to you ere we were up
and in full chase
Of Hood's rag'muffins, who compelled our patient
army to retrace
Its footsteps many weary miles, that had been weary
once before,
And traces, all along the route, of many a gallant
action bore.
But not a single murmur rose from all those lines
of noble men;
Oh, if I *loved* our boys before, I *worshipped* the dear
fellows then,
Who with bright faces, willing hearts, elastic step
and cheerful shout
Shouldered their muskets, swung their caps and on
that backward march set out.
We followed swiftly, long and well our nimble and
now cautious foe,
But did not once get near enough to strike the vaga-
bonds a blow.
Around old Kenesaw's rough base we lay, when
gallant Corse's guns,
From Altoona's Pass poured forth hot iron logic from
their lungs.

Right gallantly we strove to reach the rebel rear ere they withdrew,
But getting wind of us, somehow, they raised the siege and off they flew.
Away to Kingston next we pushed, then onward, further, marched to Rome,
Then crossed the Ostenaula, still pursuing treason's flying gnome.
But our light, unencumbered foe kept well ahead of us, despite
The superhuman speed we made, and could not once be brought to fight.
Disgusted, we now paused awhile in Chattanooga's sumptuous vale;
And long, I fear me, will its rich, purse-proud inhabitants bewail
The day their fertile valley shook beneath our army's heavy tramp;
Scores of broad fields were quickly turned into one vast and noisy camp!
What foraging, for miles around! what gathering in of corn and meat!
Right well our army understood the value of good things to eat!
Nearly two weeks we rested there, recuperating beast and man,
Then breaking camp and shouldering arms SHERMAN'S historic march began.*

*SHERMAN'S great march actually commenced from the valley of the Chattanooga, on the first of November, 1864. See his own official report on this subject.

What shall I tell you of that march? There is but
little I can say,
As unimpeded we advanced a certain distance every
day.
The greatness of it does not rest on what we *did* or
how we fared,
But on the deeds we *would have done* — the unknown
dangers that we dared!
'Tis true we waded streams and swamps, built bridges
and laid corduroys,
But all such things, in times of *peace*, are common to
our western boys.
Our march was a great gala time, a pic-nic party,
the men said,
And well I warrant me that ne'er were pic-nic
party better fed!
Eggs, ham and bacon, poultry, lambs, butter and
honey, milk and cheese,
Rich golden syrups, apple jams, and all such delica-
cies as these,
Including ripe old mellow wines, peach brandy, bour-
bons and cigars,
Fit for a prince, nay better yet, fit for the proudest
of the czars,
Were found abundant in each mess o'er nearly all
that lengthy route,
For which we often had to thank our "'independent
bummer scout.'"

But often, as I lay encamped 'neath the great pines
at close of day,
I thought with pity upon those whom we despoiled
upon the way.
Many a cupboard we left bare, stripped many a smoke-
house of its meat,
And many a little one, I fear, will beg in vain
a crust to eat.
Such are the bitter fruits of war; oh, how I pray
all wars may cease,
And folding up their crimson wings disturb no more
the reign of peace!
I love the grandeur of the scenes each day before us
have been spread,
The rich savannahs, graceful streams and tall pines
chanting overhead,
Which have for centuries shook down their golden
spindles and gray burs
Until it seems as if our feet profaned a soft, rich
robe of furs!
'Tis sad the music of these woods, whose "deep
diapasons" all feel,
Should jar with war's discordant sounds — the hoarse
command and clang of steel —
That now, where ages, solemn hymns have only floated
to the skies,
The bugle's slogan should ascend and smoke from
hostile camps arise!

Your letter reached me, darling one, and its sad contents made me weep;
A little longer, and I hope the sunny hand of joy will sweep
Those cobwebs of our hearts away, and fill our beings with delight;
Hold fast your faith, my chastened one, day even now gleams through our night.
We're under marching orders, love; at every halt I'll write to you,
And mail the letters every time there is a chance to get them through.
Good bye, my own, and may the pow'rs of earth and air and heaven, above,
Protect you, shield you, keep you safe, my own, long suffering, patient love."

The war was over! yes, oh yes, the wasteful strife at last was done,
And Treason *crushed* and Freedom *saved!* and still the "many" were "in one!"*
Four years of devastating war — four years of battle and of blood —
Raids, murders, robberies by land and dreadful piracies by flood,
Four years of darkness and of doubt, distrust, anxiety and pain,

*E Pluribus Unum.

And heart-strings tensioned till it seemed they'd burst
asunder with the strain,
When suddenly, with crushing force, GRANT hurled
his legions on the foe!
Sharp was the struggle, sharp and short, and sudden
treason's overthrow.
Richmond was taken, LEE pursued, and soon he
yielded up the sword;
JOHNSON surrendered—peace was gained—oh, peace!
white-robed and blessed word!
Long may our children lisp thy name—palsied the
tongue who'd change thee for
That seething synonym of blood, that word of dread-
ful import—WAR.
At Raleigh SHERMAN'S army lay, with fresh gained
laurels round its brow,
Its work was done—most nobly done—'twas soon to
be disbanded now.
And HARRY'S joy was deep and full, for oh, his
coming bliss was near,
And by his own consent I give his last and joyful
letter here:—

"DEAR MANOMIN—I am writing, calmly as I may,
inditing,
On this lovely May-day morning, underneath a bloom-
ing tree,

While beneath me flowers are springing and above me birds are singing,
And my heart with joy is brimming, my last letter unto thee!
Ere this note your hearthstone reaches you will know all that it teaches—
That "'our cruel war is over'" and rebellion crushed at last;
While upon Time's certain pinion, from sweet Cupid's soft dominion,
For us both, my little precious, days of joy are dawning fast.
We are under marching orders—straight across Secessia's borders,
We set out to-morrow morning on our gleeful, homeward way.
Now there is no foe to harm us, not a danger to alarm us,
And you'll feel me nearer, darling, with the ending of each day,
Until by and by, some morrow, that cold parasite of sorrow
That has wrapped your heart like net-work, shall unfold, a blooming vine,
'Neath love's psychologic power it shall burst into full flower
As we kneel together, darling, and are rendered "'thine-and-mine.'"

Oh, that day is swiftly looming, I can see it in the glooming,
Down the future's murky vista, shooting up a courier ray;
May its advent, then, be speedy, for our famished hearts are needy —
Fainting for the rare refreshment to be served them on that day!
All the blooming woods are ringing with the early songsters, singing,
Though their music scarce attesteth half the ecstacy they feel
As they revel 'mid the flowers in the warm sunshiny hours;
So this letter to you, darling, will not more than half reveal
All the length and depth of measure of the ocean of my pleasure
Whose ecstatic, blissful billows in unceasing surges roll
Through my being, grandly sweeping, then in softer echoes leaping
With unnumbered, tender voices through the chambers of my soul!
Still above my sunny gladness hangs a mournful pall of sadness,
Heaping high with heavy shadows the glad temple of my heart,

Through my spirit's essence stealing, seizing on the throne of feeling,
While swift tears of vengeful sorrow from my eyes unbidden start!
Noble LINCOLN! murdered brother! can the world produce another
Whom, amid intestine passion every one would love so well?
Who, though drinking hatred's chalice bore no living being malice
And had often grasped in kindness the red hand by which he fell!
Oh, how causeless, void of reason, was this last black act of treason —
Striking down with devilish venom a true friend who would have cared
For his enemies with kindness, with a tender mother's blindness,
And much keen humiliation to the traitors would have spared.
To the darkness of perdition will the annals of tradition
Ever more consign thy memory, oh, fiendish J. WILKES BOOTH!
Thou malicious, treacherous player, thou envenomed, skulking slayer,
Genius wipes thy name forever from her list of royal youth!

While a hymn to LINCOLN'S praises every coming minstrel raises
On all the earth's broad continents and islands of the sea,
And the angel choirs o'er us bear aloft the swelling chorus,
There shall nothing rise but hisses and anathemas for thee!
But, my darling, I'm digressing and my time, just now, is pressing,
So I'll turn again, though briefly, to the subject of our joy,
Every instant growing surer, out of sorrow rising purer—
For affliction is the touch-stone that exposes life's alloy.
I must close this little letter, and I grieve that 'tis no better;
Heaven bless you, oh my precious——there! I hear the mustering drum!
Keep your lamp well filled and burning for the absent one returning,
Else before you are aware of it *the bridegroom will have come!*

PART TWENTY-FIFTH.

DESCRIPTION OF WINTER AT LEECH LAKE—A NEW CHARACTER—AN ACCOUNT OF MANOMIN'S FATHER—MANOMIN MEETS A STRANGER—HEARS FROM HARRY—LOVE'S CROSS PURPOSE—PEWAUBECK WITH A NEW LOVE—THE JOURNEY TO ST. PAUL—THE RADICAL POWER OF LOVE—WHAT MANOMIN DOES WITH HER MONEY—HARRY ARRIVES—THE DOUBLE WEDDING—SONG OF THE MARRIAGE CHIME.

WHITE, sheeted winter laid its glittering hand upon
the murmuring lips of lakes and streams,
And silence reigned through all that icy land, save
when the lynx-cat woke the night with screams,
Or fiery-eyeballed wolf howled through the wood, or
Hyperbŏrēi struck their harps of pines;
And gracefully through that vast solitude, the trackless
snowdrifts stretched their curving lines;
And not a bird, excepting now and then a moping raven, toiling with cold wing,
To wake the frozen echoes of the glen or cheer the
hope with promises of spring.

And bleak, and cold, and cheerless as that scene was
poor MANOMIN'S winter-driven heart —
No flower of Faith or tiniest leaflet green a hope of
spring-time struggled to impart.
Three wintry months their ghostly robes had trailed
past every wigwam in that Indian town,
For ninety days the shivering pines had wailed before
the arctic tempests driving down,
Since that sad morning poor MANOMIN bent, with shiv-
ered hopes, so low, her graceful head,
O'er the brief letter Uncle DARLING sent, that told her
he, whom she adored, was dead.
Oh, God! it was a moving sight to see the deep intense-
ness of that young thing's grief,
So like a tender, young and blooming tree by stroke of
lightning turned to yellow leaf!
But in those months, before the snows grew deep, from
far Fort Garry* a young cousin came;
A shy young girl, who early learned to weep for pa-
rents lost; MELLISSA was her name.
MANOMIN'S father and MELLISSA'S were the two sole
children of an humble man,
Whose days were spent amid the spindle's whir, where
streams of thread to eddying bobbins ran.
In great Manchester's busy hive was he an ever
ready, uncomplaining hand,

* Fort Garry is the Hudson Bay Company's settlement on the Red River of the North, known also by the name of "Selkirk Settlement."

A quiet, humble, steady, "busy bee" — a type of man peculiar to that land —
That land where few have *all*, the many *none* — all wealth, intelligence and lordly ease —
The few feed high on every luxury known — the many pinched for even bread and cheese.
Here GEORGE and THOMAS LEFINGWELL were born, but ere they had attained to man's estate
They held the fact'ry's drudgery in scorn and crossed the sea in quest of better fate.
Of bold, adventurous spirit, they struck out at once across the continent's broad face,
Where they would not be rudely pushed about by swarming, jostling seekers after place.
One married a Scotch girl, in Selkirk town, and first to trapping, then to trading turned,
The other one at Crow Wing settled down, married a bright-eyed Indian maid and learned
Firstly and foremost all the Indian ways, their tongue and superstitions and beliefs,
Their loves and hatreds, all their games and plays, their hopes and fears, traditions, joys and griefs.
And by shrewd sympathy in all their ways he bound them to him, with magnetic chain,
Which bit of strategy, in after days, contributed immensely to his gain.
This was MANOMIN'S father, and I've told how he gave up his life, one stormy day,

And left MANOMIN heiress to much gold, but what became of it I've yet to say.
The other was MELLISSA'S sire, and she, as did MANOMIN, lost her mother first,
And then her father, shortly after, he was slain one morning by a gun that burst,—
A brash old musket which he tried to fire in celebration of the Queen's birth day—
But ah, that vitreous flint's impingement dire did "fix *his* flint" and turned his joy to clay!
He, too, like THOMAS, left his girl some wealth, an education such as he had gained,
An honest heart, sound body and good health, a mind in ways of truth and virtue trained.
Her eyes were blue as heaven's own azure sky, her tresses soft and golden as the rays
Of autumn's sun, that tell when draweth nigh the mellow, dreamy, Indian-summer days.
And she, it was, who with MANOMIN, now, lived at the mission house in Leech Lake town,
And strove to charm the shadows from her brow, and sun away the white frosts, settling down,
Thicker and thicker daily round her heart, while fainter burned the fire of her eye,
Until it seemed that some magician's art were needed quickly that she might not die!
Time's pulse throbbed on, and northward came the sun, and winter's legions struck their tents and fled;

Those days of painful silence were all done, and nature
seemed arising from the dead.
But still the grave in poor MANOMIN'S heart this glor-
ious quickening did not seem to share;
Wherever else spring might new life impart there
seemed to be no resurrection there!
But, like a spectre, sad and silent, she, the daily routine
of her life went through;
Not one glad note or rippling sound of glee the un-
strung spinnet of her spirit knew.
Far down into the depths of those dark pines alone she
wandered, nearly every day,
And there, at one of nature's many shrines, for hours
together she would weep and pray;
With sobs would say, "Oh, HARRY! do you hear?
unbolt the door of your bright home, on high,
And let me feel your precious presence near, or rend
away the veil 'twixt you and I!"
The spring time passed, the summer came and went,
the buskined foot of autum pressed the ground,
And frightened streams, with purple leaves besprent,
crept into every morass that they found!
On one raw day, when hung in sable hue of gathering
tempests, was the threatening sky,
When courier winds their frosty bugles blew, proclaim-
ing the great Arctic Monarch nigh,
MANOMIN, wandering, as her wont, alone, alike indif-
ferent to dame Nature's moods—

Whether it froze, or thawed, or stormed, or shone —
met, suddenly, a stranger in the woods.
He gazed at her; she cast her glances down, he paused,
then turning back again, he said:
"I seek MANOMIN LEFINGWELL in town." "That is
my name! what would you? I'm the maid."
Forth from his vesture then the stranger drew a letter,
he had brought her from Crow Wing,
One glance! she seized it! "*God! can it be true!*" an-
other look, and then the woods did ring
With a wild scream that made the stranger start, and
poor MANOMIN swooned and fell to earth,
But with her letter clasped unto her heart, as though
it held all life itself was worth!
There was a stream of water close at hand, and mak-
ing use of his soft castor's crown,
The stranger bathed her brow till she could stand, then
gently led her back again to town.
MELLISSA paled, and trembled with affright to see
MANOMIN, tottering along,
Led by a stranger, and in piteous plight — her loosened
hair swept down in tresses long —
Her waist unbound, while idly hung her zone — "*He
lives!*" she cried and sank into a chair,
"*He lives on earth! Oh God! before thy throne I thank
thee for this answer to my prayer!*"
With thanks from all the stranger went his way; he
was a trader looking after fur,

And as MANOMIN'S letter came the day he left Crow Wing, he brought it on to her.
Now left alone she read, with heart aglow, that tender missive through and through, and made
Decision instant to go down below, as HARRY earnestly therein had prayed.
We 'll leave her packing up her things and turn a backward glance — a brief one it must be —
Upon MELLISSA LEFINGWELL'S sojourn at Leech Lake mission, and quite likely, we
May find some matter worthy of our ken, some strange affair of love's cross purpose, which,
The patient muse still smiling on my pen, may be arranged in this uncouth distich.
We dropped PEWAUBECK somewhere, on our track, with a sad load of unrequited love,
But with a pride that kept confession back and lent him strength to nobly rise above
The pow'r that binds so many others down, the pow'r that makes so many fools, forsooth,
And gave this ancient adage its renown: — "the course of true love never yet ran smooth!"
MELLISSA'S eyes, as I have said, were blue, and her fair skin was of a pinkish tint,
While her soft locks were of so rich a hue they would have shamed the treasures of a mint!
And was it strange, when often left alone, PEWAUBECK should have come to her relief,

Or they walk out and talk, in pitying tone, of poor MANOMIN's deep, destroying grief?
Or yet more strange, that in PEWAUBECK'S heart an azure orb of softness should arise,
That, in MELLISSA'S absence, did impart the same strange feeling as her own blue eyes?
Alas! alas! a tale too often told! PEWAUBECK was a man, and man I find —
At least 'tis so maintained by sages old — *was simply born to love all woman kind!*
At all events he loved MELLISSA well, and 'twas a thing most sensible to do,
And on no stony ground his passion fell — right heartily MELLISSA loved him, too.
Now do not deem PEWAUBECK fickle, nor that worse than no-sex thing, a male coquette,
Who, like a bee, sips sweets from every flow'r, till satiate grown, hums off in cold neglect.
For he had loved MANOMIN many years with all the depth and truth there is to love;
Yet not the pleading of his boyish tears nor riper eloquence her heart could move.
And lacking oil whereon its flame to feed, his lamp of love was shorn of its bright beams,
Which left his heart a charnel house indeed, strewn with the ashes of his early dreams.
How better, then, than yielding to despair, he, like the proud chief that he was, should give

His torpid love unto another's care whose warm affection bade it wake and live!
Nor deem MELLISSA played th' enticer's part — she loved MANOMIN and with love was paid,
But in sad coin struck from a heavy heart, uncurrent at Affection's Board of Trade!
It lacked the sonorous ring of the *true* coin the empty coffers of her being prayed,
And that her trailing life-lines chanced to join those of PEWAUBECK'S, who can blame the maid?
And thus it happened, thus it came about, as unexpected things so often do,
That where *one* wedding, even, was in doubt, there seems fair promise suddenly of *two!*

MANOMIN and MELLISSA reached St. Paul upon the St. Cloud coach, one chilly day,
And not a single incident, at all worth writing of, befell them on the way.
As soon as they were quartered and got warm, had bathed, and dined, and rested, and felt strong,
MANOMIN wrote to HARRY of the storm her shivering soul had been out in so long;
It was a tender missive, I'll be bound, for you remember that it made him weep;
It was the one, you recollect, that found him at Savannah, in his onward sweep.

Not much of note occurred to her that fall, nor yet, indeed, the whole long winter through.
One day poor Mrs. DARLING, at St. Paul, she chanced to meet, and for the first time, knew
That her heroic husband had been killed, and left behind her, in a distant State,
And at the news her soul with horror chilled, and grief her heart did deeply penetrate.
She freely gave the substance of her purse, prayed her to bear up under what fate willed,
And thank the eternal Pow'r it was no worse, that she and her two children were not killed.
The spring time came, and with it came a man, dark-eyed and swarthy, elegant and tall—
"Why bless my stars! it can't be! yes it can! it surely *is* PEWAUBECK, after all!
But oh! how changed!" his flowing hair cut close, enrobed in white man's clothes as black as soot,
His feet — well! well! would any one suppose an Indian chief would ever sport a boot?
Oh, Love! you are a little tyrant sure, the strongest to thee bow the knee at times;
But since of barb'rous notions thou canst cure an Indian chief I'll bless thee in my rhymes!
It *was* PEWAUBECK, then, that came that day, and splendidly the noble fellow looked,
And from the "sea," her friends declared, straightway, no worthier "fish" MELLISSA could have hooked!

And glad, indeed they were to see him there, MANOMIN needed him to aid a plan
She had arranged with most elaborate care, but which concerned a certain other man.
It was, to build upon the dear old spot, where she had known so many days of bliss,
A handsome, snug and cosy little cot, and neatly furnish it throughout, and this
She had more than sufficient means to do, her coin her banker having long since sold,
And bought "5-20's," as she wrote him to, when frightened coots $2.90 paid for gold.
MELLISSA, also, caused, at the same time, another cottage, on her cousin's plan,
To be erected near, and 'twas no crime that she should mean it for another man!
MANOMIN also had some tombstones and four rich de-odorizing coffins made,
And then, with her own superintending hand, in nice new graves, beneath a willow's shade,
She laid her dear ones near her cottage door, that she might keep above them flowers in bloom,
And thus, while on the Earth-side of Time's shore, grow more familiar with its gate, the tomb!
Events are crowding, I must crowd my theme — 'twas only on this July that's just past,
When one bright morn MANOMIN gave a scream, and cried, "Oh, HARRY! *God be praised at last*"

Ah, yes, indeed! the gallant lad stood there,—their cups were full, their sorrows were all done!

There was a wedding shortly after where *two* pair of souls were wed instead of *one!*

They took no wedding tour and needed none, but from St. Paul straight to their homes they went,

Where, after all their generous wives had done, to spend their lives there all should be content.

That HARRY was surprised and liked the cot his darling built and furnished, I've no doubt,

For does there live a sane man who would not? if so please point this special wonder out.

And there they live, and there may they increase; my story's done, I have no more to tell,

So, if you please, we 'll leave them there in peace and listen to what said their marriage bell:

SONG OF THE MARRIAGE CHIME.

"It is ended! it is ended! four existences are blended!

Never more to be distracted by uncertainties' dark spell!

They are married! they are married! no love's promise has miscarried,

All is well, is well forever, all is well that endeth well!

Time is fleeting! time is fleeting! Life, its lessons are repeating—

What has happened will still happen, all the tongues
of nature tell,
God is living! God is living! and perpetually giving
Other lives to rise and marry, bloom and perish,"
said the bell.
"'Tis no matter, 'tis no matter, whether, amid show
and clatter,
In a palace or a hovel your first throb of life began;
Flesh is mortal! flesh is mortal! just across the spirit's
portal
Swings the balance that shall weigh you, is the test
that tries the man!
There eternal, there eternal, 'mid existences supernal,
False or true, uncouth or lovely, every child of earth
must dwell,
Then I pray you, then I pray you, let no schemes of
earth betray you
Into shameful prostitution of your soulhood," sang
the bell.
"Love each other! love each other! every man on
earth's your brother!
Children of one common father, in the great stupend-
uous plan;
Then remember, then remember, you are an immortal
member
*Of the Fatherhood of Deus and the Brotherhood of
Man!*

I implore you, I implore you, ever keep these truths
before you,
Search the chambers of your temple, every trifling
vice expel;
Live more purely, live more purely, 'twill be better
for you surely,
And eternal self-approval will reward you," said the
bell.
"Truth is spreading! truth is spreading! and the
beams that she is shedding
Fall in places long in darkness, reach the farthest,
humblest hearth!
Creeds are falling! creeds are falling! Error's cham-
pions change their calling,
And enlisting in God's army help to renovate the
earth!
There are millions, there are millions, there are bil-
lions upon billions
Of supernal bosoms thrilling with a joy that none may
tell
That forever, that forever, with one God-like, grand
endeavor
You have struck from dusky millions slavery's fet-
ters," sang the bell.
"Time is sweeping, time is sweeping, onward, onward
years are leaping;
Every soul that hears my chiming very soon, I know
full well

In the boundless ether o'er us, with the many gone
before us,
Will be marching to the music of eternity's great
bell.
So adieu then, so adieu then, oh, I pray you to be
true men!
Reaching upward, upward, upward, — ever striving to
excel —
Rising higher, rising higher, when your lives on earth
expire,
Marching grandly up the pathway of the ages," closed
the bell.

THE END.

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